FEBRUARY $1.95

The cheri

02681

All-True National Sex News Magazine

OUR MOST SHOCKING CENTERFOLD EVER:
America, Meet Long Jeanne Silver!

DOCUMENTARY PICTURES:
CHAMPION PETER-EATER SHOWS WHY SHE WON OUR $1000 CONTEST

ON-STAGE GOLDEN SHOWER SHOW SHOCKS N.Y.

PUNK MUSIC'S HIPPEST GROUPIE WHIPS IT ALL OFF

OUR UNCENSORED CLIP-OUT VALENTINE CARD

plus **CHERI'S REGULAR COLUMNISTS:**
Honeysuckle's Hottest Washington Expose • Jody Joins The Hookers • Liz Gets Lashed • Kim's Fancy Mouthwork • Terry Talks To Her Fans •

FOXY and FREAKY! THE CHERI IDEAL

True this girl is a freak.

True this girl has been known to masturbate with the blunt end of her knee.

True she has only one set of toes, but we love her.

As a matter of fact we've been loving her for the past month—she can't run very far.

Our point is . . . CHERI for all and all for CHERI!

Alright so our models may not all be Miss America. Some may be a bit chubby, their skin may resemble a road map . . . heck some of them could even be missing limbs, but what's important is that we're different. CHERI is what's really happening in today's sex world—not only lacey undies and vaselined lenses. Come on now, pick up a subscription today . . . your tomorrows will never be the same!

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A first in the history of American competition. An olympics of orgiastic proportions starring you and our CHERI ORCHARD comelies.

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A Valentine treat! Your chance to flog your log over the sweetest Cheri spread yet.

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A look at who's to cum.

OUR GANG

Take a look at the women on the facing page. They are the girls of CHERI #6, actresses, singers, hangers-out, joybunnies, people. They are not just images etched on celluloid, they are our friends, the gang we run with.

For many mens magazines today, fiction and fantasy are the names of the game. It is our impassioned belief, here at CHERI, that you cannot get off on a sex trip unless there is an underpinning of reality.

And we give you that reality. In your lifetime, you will never fuck a *Playmate* or a *Pet* or a *Clubfoot* or a *Geneside*. But the CHERI girl *is* available. She's out there playing and partying, boogying and bumping. Not only in New York, but in your town. You'll never meet a bunny in some funky neighborhood saloon, or at a suburban swing, or doing it down-and-dirty at a downtown disco. But that's where the CHERI girl hangs out. And sooner or later, you're gonna find her.

Chad and Julie Benson are from Norfolk, Va. Jeannie Silver hails from Tempe, Ariz. Debbie Reimar's from Frisco. Tarri's from L.A. If you want to meet Tequila, hang out at New York's bottomless joints. Jacqueline's on stage several nights a week at the Gate Theatre. Elda plays Max's. Suzette will be wherever the punk scene flows.

The CHERI girl's out there, on display, in full view. And if, like the average CHERI reader, you're out there, too, you're gonna get together someday.

The other unique facet of CHERI is that we're an audience-participation magazine. Chad and Julie and Debbie and Gloria King were readers who got *involved*. In next month's issue, you'll see two young marrieds from, of all places, Odessa, Texas, take on CHERI's gorgeous columnist Kim Pope. (They won her favors in another write-in contest.) And, of course, there's our once-in-a-lifetime 8mm write-your-own-movie contest.

While we're at it, we'd like to welcome writer Gen Wolf (herself a topless dancer); illustrators Mary Wilshire and Bill Plympton; and author T. Casey Brennan to the CHERI family. We're growing bigger and better every day and we hope you're growing with us.

Peter Wolff

Cartoonist R. Max Brooks

Author T. Casey Brennan ("Just Dessert")

Illustrator Mary Wilshire ("Just Dessert")

Our artnik Nicky Mayleas

ANDREA AMBERS

JACQUELINE

TEQUILLA

REBECCA

ELDA

REAL GIRLS' REAL STORIES

TARRI

JEANNE

SUZETTE

DEBBIE

MR. & MRS. C. BENSON

Illustrator-guru Don Lewis ("Pre-Pill Preventatives")

Gloria Leonard

Cartoonist Grant Canfield

AMERI cheri

monica kennedy:

A REAL PISSER

This month, in Petunia Camero's new column, **Real-Life Adventures in the Skin Trade**, she reveals the existence of the most incredible burlesque act of all time. Monica Kennedy, a lovely, lively performer rocked New York City last month with an unbelievably raunchy audience-participation show that culminated in her pissing point-blank into the mouths of several members of the audience. Headlining Rod Swenson's already outrageous spectacular at The Show World, Monica, during the course of one day, blew 25 guys, fucked a dozen, got cornholed by eight, urinated on three, and shit on a piece of butcher paper. (This indelicatessen was, unfortunately, rejected for human consumption by her audience.) Next month, sex-show promoter Swenson will tell in words and pictures, the entire unadulterated story of America's most outrageous burlesque queen. **Don't miss it!**

ROD SWENSON

PETER HURD

This Valentine's Day
I'm sending you
a great big box of candy...

Cheri's Super Cut-Out Valentine's Card

Here's a little something extra to put in your Valentine's candy box this year. Just snip it out and scotchtape to her box. The rest, we promise, will be history. Happy eating!

WHO GIVES A SCREW ?

Fuck, shit, piss, cock, cunt, pussy, asshole, tit, dick, Liz Ray, dingleberry, hard-on, prick, cum, Marilyn Monroe, The Curse, The Runs, The Rag, Dick Nixon, turd, jackoff, whackoff, The Clap. But when Jimmy Carter says "screw", it's a scandal. Fuck that!

KRISTIN JOHNSON

THIGHWITNESS NEWS #1

THIS IS WALTER CRONKITE IN CHINA - WHERE PRESIDENT FORD IS TRYING TO WARM UP RELATIONS WITH CHAIRMAN MAO
WE NOW... AHEM... SWITCH YOU TO BETTY FORD ON THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
Bill Plymptn © 75

© 1976 Bill Plympton

You eat the candy,
I'll eat the box!

AMERI cheri

Jacqueline Carol's Fleshy Follies

THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS OF YORE
GIRLS USED TO BE WEAK & MEN WERE STURDY
OUR PARENTS

Greenwich Village Follies is a saccharine, pretentious anti-sexual **Let My People Come** ripoff which is saved only by the presence of a fleshy firebrand named Jacqueline Carol and the prettiest cast of bouncy boys you horny housewives and hot-to-trot homophiles will ever see. Outside of the lovely and talented Jacqueline (who's the sister of CHERI porno favorite, Marlene Willoughby), the Follies' girls are a sad bunch of uptight she-apes to whom even flashing a little tit is a big fucking deal.

PETER HURD

Explorers of previously untrodden turf in the Yukon report they have have discovered the delicately carved artifacts of a now-extinct Indian tribe called The Fukairs. Who The Fukairs?

SCROTUM TOTEM

BILL PLYMPTON

FONZIE'S PINKY

© 1972 Trans American Films

RATED R

"Gilda reveals her interest in the off-beat propositions of the underground press. . . . Responding to one of the ads, she finds herself imprisoned in a bed and bound at the wrists. Another attempt finds her with a young man who insists that she must dress up like his mother." This blurb describes scenes in the 1973 release, **The Female Response**, which starred such nudie notables as Raina Barrett, Jennifer Welles and Harry Reems. Gilda was played by none other than Roz Kelly, the gum-chewing siren who is Fonzie's old lady on **Happy Days**.

THIGHWITNESS NEWS #2

THIS IS ROGER MUDD HERE TALKING TO YOU'RE AVERAGE SMOKER
TELL ME HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE RISING MILITANCE OF NON-SMOKERS?
WELL ROGER, I CAN'T FIND MUCH SYMPATHY FOR ANYONE AFRAID OF A FEW PARTICLES OF SMOKE - REALLY - WHAT A BUNCH OF PUSSYS!
WHAT ABOUT US SMOKERS? WE GOTTA SMOKE THESE FUCKIN THINGS!
Bill Plympton

© 1976 BILL PLYMPTON

TICKLE TORMENT

Carole Altman's award-winning **How To Be Your Own Sex Therapist** is now out in paperback, thanx to Berkeley. Among the sonsy Ms. Altman's recipes for 'rections is this lovely feather-and-rose massage which is designed to inculcate "sensate focus." If you don't have a rose or feather handy, however, we recommend a length of lead pipe.

F. EMERAL

HONEYSUCKLE'S HOT SPOTS

The hot stripspots of Washington are the subject of this month's "Beehive", Honeysuckle Divine's periodical travelogue on the American sex scene. The skin joints shown in the pictures below are not necessarily the ones cited in her latest expose but merely part of the raunchy and ribald D.C. bumpngrind circuit.

GOLD RUSH
PLAZA
Burlesque
LIVE BURLESK STARRING
2X RATED MOVIES
SWEET SUE
RESTAURANT
COCKTAIL LOUNGE-ENTERTAINMENT
GAYETY
NEW MANAGEMENT OPEN MON
ME BURLESK PLUS TWO ADULT
Marquis
Silver SLIPPER

BILL LITTLE

AMERI cheri

Randy Jones 76

RANDY JONES

POON ON THE MOON

Is there life on Mars? Is there pussy on Pluto? Does NASA suck? Stay tuned next month for our definitive answer.

why is this girl passing water?

Gretchen Leberwoosht of Minnesota Strip, New York, recently set a new mark in distance tinkling with a spout of almost twelve feet, a world's record for women.

THIGHWITNESS NEWS#3

WE'RE HERE AT THE HOME OF THE NOVELIST ERICA JONG.
I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOUR..AH.. TROPHIES ERICA - TELL ME - HOW DID YOU GET THEM ?
WELL . . .
Bill Plympton ©75

© 1976 BILL PLYMPTON

OF HEARTS & HARD-ONS

PETER HURD

From the candy kitchens of Fanny Farter this year comes a bright new line of Cupid's Day confections. There's the cocoa-covered bunghole, Red-Hot Lips munchy joysticks, Devil Dong all-day suckers, and caramel-coated Sugar Tits for those with strong mammary memories. Frankly, we're content to let our girls chew the languid licorice.

NO NOVICE, THIS ONE

Sister Sorrowful, the sinful shackled saint, is currently being severely punished by her lord-and-master, the infamous Brother Jack. Her sin: swallowing his semen. Brother Jack insists that his slaves slobber his scum over their boobs. Their punishment, he says, fits the crime.

BROTHER JACKSON

AMERIcheri

Real-Life Adventures in The Skin Trade

By PETUNIA CAMERO

AUDREY DIVINE

With Raunchy Rod and Dirty Dyna-Mite

RIC DANTE

With Famous Frederick.

Last week, while in Hollywood exploring the fuck-and-suck scene, I stopped off at the shocking-pink building that houses Frederick's of Hollywood. The merchandise on display is considerably more tame than the provocative catalogs we've all cum to cum over. His panties and garter belts were about as racy as Macy's. "Slither 'n Slide," "Veiled Threat" and "Chorus Line" could less enterprisingly be described as "nightgowns." In desperation, I cornered a salesgirl and asked: "Where do you hide all the, you know, **hot** stuff?" The sexiest things in the store were the stiletto-heel pumps and the high leather boots. I settled for a garter belt and matching lace-topped stockings.

Downstairs in the offices of Mr. Frederick Mellinger hangs a Latin motto, which, roughly translated, means: "Don't Let the Bastards Grind You Down."

"American women wear the sexiest lingerie in the world," Mr. Frederick assures me as he whips out a sheaf of xeroxed letters from women thanking him for saving their marriages and adding new joy to their lives. The typical Frederick's woman is an ordinary sort who enjoys playing the femme fatale. He also sells, in smaller but significant numbers, to hookers, strippers and transvestites.

When I tell him of my experience upstairs in pursuit of the "hot stuff," he laughs and in mellow tones adds, "Frederick's used to be avante-garde, but America has caught up. While fashions may change, sex never goes out of style." The Gucci of G-strings can afford to be mellow since his "passion fashion" mail-order business has made him a millionaire many times over.

RIC DANTE

With Supersweet Sue

"Breasts have always been important to the American man—more so than for the European," says Frederick. Being a red-blooded American, he will not hire catalog models who've had silicone tit jobs. He also says the American woman's bust size is increasing and directly attributes this increase—from a 34-B to an even split between 34-C and 36-C—to the wide-spread

(Continued on page 94)

CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

CLAM·O·RAMA

By
ROBERT
AMSEL

THE DOUBLE EXPOSURE OF HOLLY Jealousy, blackmail, sexual mayhem, and murder are some of the ingredients in this scintillating cauldron of carnal chaos. Catharine Burgess, the cock-crazed cutie from *Through the Looking Glass*, portrays a wealthy Westchester wife whose extra-curricular activities inspire an ex-lover to become involved in a gangland blackmail ring. Compared to all the two-way mirrors, wired TV sets and electronic bugging that ensues, Watergate sems like child's play. In contrast to the glamor and glitter of the whorish heroine, the sordid world of pimps, hookers, and junkies is explored with razor-sharp reality. Terri Hall as a drug-drunk prostie and Jamie Gillis as a hellrake whoremaster provide erotic thrills and chills galore. Two super cameos: CHERI's Annie Sprinkle and *High Society*'s Bree Anthony (Sue Richards).

CALL ME ANGEL A raunch marathon, replete with S/M fun'n'games, midget sex, and pelvic pandemonium. Despite some of the hard-hitting, hardcore loops, the slim story is simple-minded and occasionally incoherent. A sweet young thing hits the Big Apple and finds herself in the clutches of a scheming, degenerate aunt, who has a yen for lowlife on the S/M side of the tracks. With the aid of auntie's boyfriend, Miss Innocence is soon wallowing in a pool of sexual slime and loving every minute of it—until she is tricked into bondage. Diane (Jean) Dalton is dazzling as the beauteous babe who learns about loving the extra-hard way. Ultra Max is the lascivious aunt and Jeff Hurst is her randy sidekick.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SEX This fable of our fornicating founding fathers was obviously produced by American history flunkies. Several of the characters herein depicted are not only in the wrong place at the wrong time, but in the wrong century. Nonetheless, the sexcapades of an extremely versatile, fun-loving, and beautiful cast make us forget the brainless story and concentrate on the pelvic action under our trench coats. Porn fans can witness John Holmes as a rump-crazed John Smith and Annette Haven as a sex-mad Martha Washington, whose husband George feels compelled to do Nixon impersonations—even in the midst of frantic fucking. A pelvic pasta for those who like sun-drenched, uninhibited women who perform like bang-crazy bunnies.

SEX WISH If you loved *Snuff*, you'll melt over *Sex Wish*; the kinky carryings-on curdle the blood. A psychotic killer (Zebedy Colt) is on the loose and only Handsome Harry Reems knows the murderer's identity. Can Handsome Harry stop screwing long enough to stalk the madman? Or will the salivating psycho slit the throats of all the porn queens in Manhattan before his bloodlust is satiated? This movie, though well produced, is strictly for diehard Harry Reems fans and for those who get their rocks off over terminal sex. Zebedy Colt takes the acting honors as the modern-day Jack the Ripper, while Terri Hall and C.J. Laing are seen briefly as two of his victims.

LES NYMPHO TEENS Raunch junkies will get a triplefuck fix from this film exploration of three cum-craving felines. Although the script was obviously composed on toilet paper, the visuals are so graphic they'll satisfy most starved sex gluttons. Aside from the typical sucking, fucking, and muff-diving, this flick abounds with scenes of ass-licking, rump-humping, dildo-pumping, golden showers, rape, S/M games, and other fun for the entire family. Cindy Greenstreet, Gloria Leonard, and Sherrill Karp are the three wanton women whose way-out fantasy lives provide the meat of the movie. Forget the tip-off title since no teens are on the scene.

CAPTAIN LUST A lick flick Errol Flynn would have been proud to stand in line for. Captain Lust is a pirate movie of scintillating, swashbuckling, orgiastic porportions. Free-wheeling fornication on the high seas lends a refreshing change to the ordinary bedroom, office, bathroom locales. The premise is a search for lost sunken treasure; however the boxes most sought after are usually between the legs of the comely crew and lovely, lush stowaways. Sharon Mitchell, and the always lubricated Looselips (CHERI, November) herself, Veri, are outstanding as raunchy rebels. Veri does a fuck-and-suck scene you will not believe! Pornophiles will also recognize Jamie Gillis, Bobby Astyr and Alan Clement among the carnally outrageous cast of fuccaneers. A must-see for adventure lovers looking for a real turned-on, raunched-out, titilatingly erotic treat.

NO NAMES PLEASE

(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)

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DEEP SHEEP
STARRING
WALTER PIGSKIN
SUZANNE SOWE · MARIA DELAMBE
BRUCE PATTERSON

DISGUSTING HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By Telly Tall

DEEP SHEEP

Facts are flying about a new, blue Hollywood production. A first in the annals of animal films, our reports have it that *Deep Sheep*, a glorious 8mm epic in throbbing Technicolor and stupendous sterophonic sound, is now available through a specially select mail-order subscription in raunchy rags nationwide.

Apparently the offices are flooded with requests for this spectacular picture due to the stars: a pulsating product-pushing former football player and a virtually unknown sheep, the lovey-dovey pair has Hollywood producers writhing and whacking in their seats.

Stars hang in tight circles in this tempestuous town and this lewd loop is no exception. Backing up our ex-All American friend is a robust ex-starlet we'll call Baa-Baa Rumm and an internationally known band leader we'll peg as Baa-Baa Louis. Many of the hard-core activities e.g., the shocking deep-sheep sequence, were done by the lamb's sheep-in, a bright young chop we'll call Baa-Baa Gnoush.

If you're always wondering about the real-life activities of your idols this eight-minute production is a must for your den walls or those "special" parties. Really folks, how can you resist a film where the opening scene is one of our most loved and respected athletes approaching a sheep and inquiring, "Do you dip?"

Truth is that our pigskinner's passion for making it with mutton is slipping into his private life as well and that the public release of this "private" production has the sportsman climbing the walls. Afraid of ruining his big-league rep, he's trying desperately to cover up his perverse passion by pulling a super-macho trip and has been seen squiring lovely leading ladies to all the major do's.

We do have from irrefutable sources that one starlet is indeed participating with him in a weird menage-azoo. Unable to get a statement from the athlete in question one of our reporters claims to have overheard his whispering to his dinner companion at a local eatery, "I really dig all my pets, *baa none!*"

THE BOOKISH BITCH

He's called Mr. Bitch in the book trade—one of the biggest in either field—and he hates cunt. Cocks, on the other hand (sic), he can't resist. Finds them romantic. Writes odes to them under the covers? Telly couldn't worm that out of this Literary Lady (sic), but did learn he'll take them top or bottom—and uses his famous name to buy the best. Let's hear it for Prick Power! His favorite gambit is playing Damsel in Distress, lashed to the postings by one stud while another gay blade goes down on his demure down-unders. Talk has it he harbors *real* fears of getting hurt, but after the first hour it's sheer histrionics and anything goes. She loves it. Heathcliff, watch out.

THE COP WHO COPS COCK

Our next superstar hero is a young and not yet famous TV star. On one of your favorite weekly television series he plays the part of a tough cop. Away from the series set, however, all he's interested in is copping cocks. His main thrill comes from forcing a young (usually teenage or even pre-teen) boy into submitting to his iron billy club. He likes to take the model police cruiser from the series set and ride up and down the Sunset Strip looking for young male hookers. When he's finally spotted one that he likes, and who is very obviously soliciting guys—he slams on the brakes and tells the young boy that he's "under arrest." The rest of the story is what you might expect. He drags the "chicken," into the fake B/W and cops the kid's cock.

PREVIEWS OF CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

In the next months, more sensational exposes . . . . The theatrical gourmet chef whose favorite dish is excrement served *en croute* . . . . The popular singing sisters who do a tandem suck number that has everybody buzzing . . . . The TV child star who's into fucking long lines of studio technicians . . . . The rock drummer who can't say no to a glass of pee . . . . And the superstar blonde who gets her kicks on a bed of nails.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
1000

CHERI'S SECOND $1000 BLOW JOB CONTEST

Well, we *blew* it.

Our first $1,000 Cocksucking Contest ended almost before it began, on July 30th. The response was fantastic but forty days was hardly enough time to begin to scratch the surface of America's fellational resources.

So we're holding a second contest. Same rules. Same prizes. It's for all you Janie-cum-latelies who didn't get your letters into our first contest.

Here's what we want.

We want any reader who so desires to sit down and write a 150-word description of the attitudes and techniques of his all-time favorite cocksucker. We want, if possible, a picture of her, and we want, for certain, a letter from her indicating that she knows her name is being entered in our contest—and stating that she wil be willing to come to CHERI's New York offices to collect her prize.

A panel of experts will judge the letters. It will include CHERI editor Peter Wolff and movie actresses Kim Pope, Gloria Leonard, and Jody Maxwell.

The writer of the five best letters will receive $100. And the girl who we decide is America's "numero uno" eater of weiner will receive a check for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in recognition of her skills.

At the same time, our readers are also invited to submit a letter of 150 words describing "the ultimate blow job."

The winner of this contest—our national Dreamsuck Fantasy essay contest—will receive a trip to New York and a dinner-date with the winner of our $1000 Blowjob contest.

Somewhere out there is a woman born to give head, someone who turns the grimy science of licking dick into an Art Form.

We want her. She's the Dream of a Lifetime. And you can share her with us.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART I

Rules:

1) Contest ends Jan. 31, 1977. Decisions of the judges is final.
2) All letters and photographs become the property of CHERI Publications, Inc. and may be reprinted in part or in whole subject to vertification. Model releases will be sent prior to publication to any persons whose pictures are under consideration to appear in the magazine.
3) You do not have to buy the magazine to enter.
4) Mail entries to CONTEST, CHERI MAGAZINE, 208 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.
5) Enclose a 150-word essay on the superlative cocksucking abilities of your wife, girlfriend, secretary, friend, sister, roommate, or whatever, including her name and a recent photograph.
6) Have the contestant enclose a letter stating her willingness, should she win the contest, to come to New York and claim her prize—$1,000!

My name ______________ Age ________

Address ______________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ______

Signature ______________

Her name ______________ Age ________

Address ______________

Phone number ______________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ______

Contestant's signature ______________

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART II

Please include my name in your 2nd Annual Dreamsuck Essay Contest Sweepstakes. I understand that if I win this sweepstakes I will get a free trip to New York and a dinner date with the winner of your $1000 Blowjob Contest.

Name ______________ Age ________

Address ______________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ______

Phone number ______________

Mail to: CONTEST, CHERI MAGAZINE,
208 E. 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

CHERI'S FIRST $1000 COCKSUCKER

Debbie Reimar (she's #2) works out on the CHERI weinie-zucchini.

Columnist Maureen Murphy, standing in for Gloria King, does her shtick.

Heroically-proportioned Marc Stevens presents winner with trophy.

Mistress-of-ceremonies: TV star, Gloria Leonard.

By PETER WOLFF
Photographs by PETER HURD

Well, it's official. Julie Benson of Norfolk, Va., has won CHERI's first $1000 Blowjob contest.

And Fritz Dickson of Genoa, Illinois, has won our coveted Dreamsuck Award.

The two winners were honored recently in ceremonies held at the CHERI offices in New York.

Ms. Benson, a pudgy, vivacious, sword-swallowing mother of four and out-of-the-closet swinger, has a nine-to-five gig you wouldn't believe even if we *could* tell you. Which we can't because she'd get fired on the spot.

Ms. Benson returned to Norfolk from her wild weekend with the CHERI family with a check for 1000 simoleons and memories that would make Linda Lovelace blush.

Dickson, a pork farmer, reports that his prize was well-worth the lengthy trek to New York. He won a dinner with Ms. Benson that still has them talking. "She ate nothing but Genoa salami all night long," he jokes.

The balloting for $1000 Cocksucker—based on letters submitted by hundreds of cocksuckers and cocksuckees—was complicated when the judges (editors Peter Wolff and Kate Stern; actresses Gloria Leonard and Kim Pope) each voted for a different letter out of the five finalists.

This created a sudden-death playoff which was broken when the four finalists were invited to come to New York and read their letters aloud. The result: Julie Benson was voted the undisputed winner. (One of the four could not make the trip East and had to bow out—but Julie Benson, Debbie Reimar, and Gloria King all participated.)

During a wild and woolly weekend, many of the participants found time to perform in an 8mm film re-enactment of the contest. Ms. Benson and her husband, Mr. Dickson, Ms. Leonard, and Debbie Reimar all appear in the film, which will soon be available via mail order.

For the purposes of the film, the role of Kim Pope is played by the ever-popular head maven, Annie Sprinkle while CHERI columnist Maureen Murphy is seen as Gloria King and Andrea Ambers, no slouch in the dork-downing derby herself, appears as Kate Stern. The movie also features cameo performances by CHERI receptionist Sue Feele, recently voted the All-time worst peter-eater by a panel of pros, as well as the great Marc Stevens, all ten-and-a-half of him, who presents Ms. Benson with her final grand prize.

Our second $1000 Blowjob Contest is now underway. Don't miss out this time, cocksuckers and -suckees.

Editor Wolff studies Reimar's form and technique in 8mm re-enactment.

Wolff and Annie Sprinkle rate Sister Murphy's workout on the supersquash.

Fritz Dickson gets a welcome kiss from the winner: a prelude to dinner.

Here's Julie Benson demonstrating the enthusiasm and form that earned her a $1000 reward.

Panel and participants (l. to r.): Leonard, Murphy, Reimar, Benson, Sprinkle, Dickson.

JULIE BENSON THE CHAMP!

PW: Okay, when did you suck your last cock?
JB: About four hours ago.
PW: Have the last four hours been hard on you?
JB: It's slim pickings since then . . .
PW: You didn't see any gas station attendants on your drive to New York?
JB: I did get the eye from a few truck drivers. But the thing is, we were doing seventy miles an hour at the time.

(Continued on page 75)

"You can't just let guys go around with their porks stickin' out. You see a hard-on, you take care of it!"

"Anything to do with violence is a turn-off. . . ."

"I get so crazy doing it, a lot of guys get scared I'm gonna bite it off. . . ."

"I found it's psychologically very good if he's standing up and I'm kneeling."

DEBBIE REIMAR

FIRST RUNNER-UP

PW: Debbie is from San Francisco. Why did you enter this contest?
DR: To tell you the truth, because I thought I might have a good chance of winning it. I happen to enjoy giving head and I've

(Continued on page 96)

"I don't like to be eaten while I'm sucking. I can't concentrate. . . ."

"I like to start with a very limp penis and just pop it into my mouth. . . ."

"He was really enjoying my blowjob until he got his foreskin stuck in mv chipped tooth. . . ."

"The last time I gave head was to a very lonely guy. I didn't enjoy it. I just wanted to help him. . . ."

"I have this little cat, Xerox, I like to play with his little pecker until he comes. . . ."

"A big cock is nice for fucking, but not for sucking. prefer something a little larger than average, say eight inches at best."

PW: Tell me all about yourself . . . nothing boring, though. For example, were you a horny teenager?
GK: Not after I found out what I liked.

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SECOND RUNNER-UP

GLORIA KING

THE BEEHIVE

A George Washington Birthday Special
The Washington, D.C., Strip Scene

There are seven burlesque establishments in Washington, D.C. I have worked most of them, but never using the name "Honeysuckle Divine." Several years ago I worked the Gold Rush for about two weeks, using some Swedish name I can't even remember. I haven't worked the Silver Slipper, nor the new theater, The Gayety Burlesque that opened in October, 1976.

In the past two years, I have worked the Merryland Club, Le Marquis, Fredericks, and the Plays Theater. In 1975 I worked one show at Frederick's, and was fired on the spot. Fred prefers very high-class acts, and is known for bringing in big names from out of town more so than the other owners. Chesty Moran and Jacquie Brody, Queen of Burlesque, are examples of his excellent entertainment.

I needed a job and wanted to stay in Washington to be close to my boyfriend, Peter Lovejoy, even though Fred hated my burlesque—but after seeing a tear in my eye, he softened and said I could "go-go" dance upstairs, if I took off my heavy make-up and the disheveled brown wig. I will always be grateful to Fred for that, as I was flat broke, and afraid to do my Honeysuckle act anywhere at that time, because of my arrest in Philadelphia a few weeks before.

I appeared the next night in my own waist-length, straight brown hair, looking innocent as a new-born babe, and used the name "Francine." I lasted two weeks before getting fired for my "heavy mixing." I got a job at the Merryland club a few weeks later, and lasted about eight months there under the name of "Angie Baby." I used my own hair, very little make-up, and did a slow, conservative dance.

The Le Marquis paid more money so I worked there about two months—using my blond wig—under the name "Semone."

Frederick's used to be called the Tangerine Club in 1964, when I first started doing burlesque. Charlie Long was the owner. It was in there that I met a very powerful politician whom I later went to bed with. The name I danced under was "Pussy Bird." This VIP politician was very fond of winged things. "Pussy, too

Some of the nightclubs are set up with dark corners, where it is possible for the customers to have sex right on the spot, but the police have really been cracking down on them. One night club in particular had a special place in back of the room so dark that the girls referred to it as the Black Hole of Calcutta. The owner put the customers through a security clearance such as you wouldn't believe. They had to show several different identification cards as well as answer questions about the type of work they did. If the owner discovered the customer didn't know enough enough about his work, he was considered a cop, and the girls were told not to talk to him.

photo by PETER HURD

What can we write about Honeysuckle Divine that hasn't already been written in every subway bathroom from here to Honolulu? Spilling the scum again, Honeysuckle takes us on a guided tour of the Washington, D.C., strip scene, also including tawdry but tasty tidbits. Write Honeysuckle c/o CHERI.

"There I met a very powerful politician who was fond of winged things. And pussy."

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

That place kept a file on each customer, the date when he came in, who he sat with, and how much he spent. Many customers were offended by the security system and complained that the CIA must be running the place. I laughed and told them what the girls had between their legs was top secret, and they couldn't get at it without top-secret security clearance.

Indeed, some of the girls *did* have a secret between their legs. Namely, a cock instead of a pussy. But, the drag queens always made out better than anyone else. If people wanted to say that I was a drag queen, I never discouraged such gossip, because I knew it was to my benefit. Some men were disappointed after buying me a bottle of champagne, only to discover I had a pussy between my legs. I saw some of the girls sucking the drag queens' cocks, under the table. It seems some customers would rather suck someone else's cock than have their own cock sucked.

I remember the night that place got its first bust. The owner's mouth flew open in shocked surprise as the officer pulled his badge. He had been in twice before under false identification, observing everything that went on. He was considered a good customer. Yes, he was in the files. Top security clearance and all. Ain't it a shame? I have a feeling the police were laughing all along at those elaborate files.

It ain't all glamor and good times in those places, especially when the owners start acting crazy. One owner sometimes locks the girls up in the nightclub after work and gets out his gun and has a shoot-out, terrifying the girls. He either has a very weird sense of humor or is completely insane.

One night, a very famous political speechwriter and campaign organizer stayed in there after closing time when the owner was shooting out the lights and champagne bottles on the bar, sending glass flying in all directions. He even shot the jukebox. He shot the stripper sitting next to the campaign organizer, causing her to jump in horror as she felt the wind from the bullet go past her leg and heard it whizzing by. The campaign organizer laughed and told the owner he sure knew how to make his employees jump. He put his gun to one girl's stomach and told her, "This is it, the end for you," as the campaign organizer watched in glee. All in all, it was quite a show. On another occasion, the nightclub owner put his gun to a stripper's head and played Russian Roulette, clicking his trigger. Fortunately, no bullets came out.

Most of the girls are too terrified of him to tell the police, but one girl became so angry at him one night when he fired her that she doubled up her fists and socked him in the jaw. His face broke out into a big smile. He called her his "spirited one," rehired her, and gave her a raise.

One disgruntled

(Continued on page 64)

KANSAS CITY STARK

by JODY MAXWELL

"I'd like the girls to talk about the famous men they've had . . . they do it, too."

Jody Maxwell, notorious nationwide as the Singing Cocksucker, re-establishes herself as CHERI's roving reporter representing Kansas City. This month, after a torrid time at the conventions, Jody turns her talents to a talk with Margo St. James, leader of C.O.Y.O.T.E., an organization hoping to legalize prostitution. Between assignments, Jody can be reached by writing c/o CHERI.

"I'm a writer, photographer, long-distance runner, dancer and humanitarian, and I'm interested in effecting social change the fastest way I know how."

This is how Margo St. James, the hookers' guru and national head of the organization C.O.Y.O.T.E.—Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics—described herself to me recently in Kansas City, Missouri.

After meeting Margo for the first time at Denny's, a midtown Kansas City restaurant, I quickly realized the days of typecasting are fast disappearing. The daughter of a dairy farmer, in her late 30's, Margo is a tall exotic-looking brunette with a great sense of poise and presence. It was easy to see why she has been able to build a successful non-union organization in such a few short years.

Margo wants the laws regarding prostitution shot down and feels a woman should be able to sashay down the street for any purpose without being harassed or hassled. She believes our Constitution encourages change within the system itself. Margo's solution is enlightenment through entertainment, which takes form in annual hookers' balls and the "Traveling Hooker Show," a combination musical, theatrical and film revue.

JODY: How did C.O.Y.O.T.E. come about?

MARGO: I started it because I felt oppressed myself, as if someone had officially labeled me "prostitute" . . . my own case had been overturned on appeal but in 1973 I was denied a fire-lookout job with the park service because of the arrest. Twelve years later! Once a woman's officially labeled a whore she is obliged to remain one forever. However, had they give me the job, C.O.Y.O.T.E. would never have gotten off the ground. For a year and a half I lived in a fleabag hotel and began to operate C.O.Y.O.T.E. 'till it got too full of files, papers and clippings. Then we had our first Hookers' Convention in the Glide Memorial Church . . . the Methodist one that supports all groups which have been discriminated against—the Indians, gays etc. The preacher is a wonderful black man named Cecil Williams. Anyway, the convention was very successful and we had the Hookers' Ball that fall. The next year we had our convention at the Hyatt Regency Hotel and it drew 5,000 people. It was attended by a good cross-section of people who gave their full support to our organization. The Catholic Church is not organizing against us like they did with abortion because there is no real issue. They've lost too many customers in the last decade to come out officially against heterosexual sex . . . although the Pope did say that masturbation and homosexuality are wrong, which has probably done more to promote them than anything. All in all C.O.Y.O.T.E. would like to see prostitution decriminalized. We want the government to take its nose out of it altogether. Free enterprise . . . if you take the prohibitions off it you don't have the unsavory characteristics that evolve from it.

JODY: How did you happen to become a prostitute?

MARGO: I was arrested and I couldn't get any of my waitressing jobs back. Prostitution was the only profession that was open to me. Today, too, except for the most menial jobs . . .

JODY: How do you live now that you're retired?

MARGO: I have my writing and I do speaking engagements at around $1,000 a piece. C.O.Y.O.T.E. does have dues, but I don't take any salary from that . . . whatever monies come in go for legal defense and phone bills.

JODY: Would you say most girls get into the profession the way you did?

MARGO: Most go into it for the money . . . but it's usually because they feel they have no other alternatives.

JODY: Any because they just love sex?

MARGO: A few . . . but the biggest reason for getting into it is adventure . . . you make something illegal and it's going to attract young girls.

JODY: Who can join C.O.Y.O.T.E.?

MARGO: Anyone can . . . it's a political organization. It's open to the general public and only six percent are prostitutes. It's not a union, as such, because then the federal government could claim we were a conspiracy—organized crime or something like that. If there're any myths we want to dispel they're that all hookers are rich, part of organized crime or spreaders of VD.

JODY: Or that you all have hearts of gold.

MARGO: A definite myth.

JODY: Speaking of VD, how do you feel about official medical checkups—like I believe they have in Denmark?

MARGO: As far as prostitutes goit's bad business to get a dose, since most of the clients are married men. Customers actually go to the prostitutes because they know it's safer . . . the high rate of VD is among teenagers and adults, not the professionals.

JODY: Gerry Damiano, the director, once said to me he didn't believe there was such a thing as a happy hooker, which is bullshit!

MARGO: I'd say ten percent of the women I know would choose to remain prostitues, whether they had an alternative or not, and I know many women in their 40's, 50's and 60's who have been prostitutes all their life and love their work. Especially in Europe where they haven't been abused by the police.

JODY: Gerry says the hookers who are supposedly happy probably have some weird obsession for something . . .

MARGO: He sounds like the typical pig. He probably believes that myth that men have these uncontrollable biological urges that have to be serviced *(Continued on page 71)*

I, KIM POPE

photo by PETER HURD

Kim Pope diddles the dentist and/or visiting the doctor will never be the same again. Our delicious daredevil once again toys with danger as she digs the dirt on all sorts of sexy people, places and things. This month she ends up in a doctor's office for a check-up that's certainly not routine. Kim, who will soon be featured in a nationwide give-away contest, is extremely receptive to all mail addressed to her c/o CHERI.

"After he filled my cavity he fingered my panties and toyed with my pubic hair."

By KIM POPE

DR. FEELGOOD—
STRANGE BUT TRUE!

It looked like a typical Park Avenue dental office. Expensive leather furniture, subdued lighting, soothing music. The table was cluttered with all the proper magazines, *Time*, *Forbes*, and *Your Dental Health*, (the latter with the most alarming color photographs of rotten gums). After a few moments, a deep Marcus Welby voice called out, "Lucy, is that you?" And son of a gun, he *looked* like Marcus Welby, tall and slim with steel-gray hair and the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. In fact, he was *very* attractive in a fatherly kind of way—and I had the sudden feeling that this assignment was going to be fun.

After the usual pleasantries and history-taking, he gently led me to the chair. Of course, he does not know I'm a CHERI reporter in disguise. Now I must confess I am terrified of dentists and it took several stiff martinis to get me to sit in that chair and even let him examine me. After the usual probing and mumbling, he pronounced my gums to be in perfect health. We decided that was due to a faithful use of a water-pic. (See folks, we even give free medical hints. After all, we want our readers to have healthy gums, too.) He patted me on the cheek and as he turned his head, ever so casually brushed against my breast; hmmmm. . . . But now it was time for X-rays. Each time he put one of those maddening films in my mouth, his hand or his leg would rub against me. Oh, perhaps I should explain, the girl who sent me to the good doctor is, shall we say, "a lady of easy virtue," so he had been told I was expecting to pay my bill the same way, "taking it out in trade," so to speak.

While the X-rays were developing, he told me I had beautiful breasts. (I had worn a see-thru shirt.) I coyly asked if he would like to see them—he almost quivered an affirmative answer. I slowly opened my blouse, one button at a time. I had carefully rouged my nipples for the occasion and the reaction was as expected. Under his doctor's coat, a very unprofessional hard-on was visible. While waiting for the X-rays to develop, he amused himself by fondling my breasts. All the while he's telling me how he loves beautiful women and how exciting it is to watch and touch naked girls. The reason he became a dentist was so he could make their smiles as beautiful as their tits and asses. He showed me pictures of girls before and after he had fixed their teeth. He seemed genuinely thrilled by what he had done. (Some of the results were truly remarkable.) I really felt he was telling me the truth. Then he left me to examine the X-rays. When he returned, he said he had discovered a tiny cavity that needed filling (I secretly wondered which cavity he was referring to). I told him that I had a date in a little while and could I come back tomorrow? (I wanted to make sure he was competent before I actually let him mess with my teeth.)

We agreed to meet at 2 PM the following day. I then checked with the girl who had sent me. She said he had done extensive work on her mouth, fucked her silly, and the results of both activities had been excellent. Besides, with his elegant office he had to be charging *some* of his patients.

The next day when I appeared for my visit, I was greeted with a hug and a kiss—ha, ha—portent of things to come.

I suspect that leather couch in his office has seen lots of action. He then took me over to show me my X-Rays, explaining in great detail how he was going to save me from a future toothache. While doing so, his hand kept grasping my fanny. I wiggled it in proper response. Then he put me back in the chair. I did my darndest to look sexy instead of terrified. My own dentist uses gas, so I was scared of having him drill without it.

This time when his hand wandered to my breast, I had a surprise for him. I had one of those holders on a chain for poppers. He stared at me for a long time. I was sure I had made some terrible error in hanging it. He then suddenly became very businesslike and filled my tooth with great skill. (Thank God!)

After he had finished, he dimmed the lights and moved the instruments away. He then began gently pinching my nipples and stroking my breasts. Then he reached for the popper and with a grin took a big whiff—when he offered it to me, I faked it. (I don't like that sort of thing.) Then he led me to the couch and had me sit on his lap. He slipped his hand under my skirt and fingered my panties and toyed with my pubic hair. Now, I'm a good sport, but I'm not about to fuck even "Marcus Welby" for a goddamn filling! So I slid off his lap and asked to see his prick—he whipped it out in a flash! I held the popper under his nose and he began stroking his hard cock. I caressed his cheek and whispered sexy things in his ear until he came with a roar. Then very calmly the good doctor tidied himself up, gave me his card, and said my friends were welcome—just as long as they understood his arrangements. It seems the more work he does, the more demands he makes sexually. I should have asked him to be more specific, but somehow it seemed just too tacky.

I left with the feeling that the whole affair should have been a "Candid Camera" set-up. It seemed so unreal. But what the hell, I got a free check-up, and it sure was an adventure!

Love and Kisses,
Kim

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

By ELIZABETH DEAN

"He left the dildo up my ass for the entire evening."

Our raunchy representative from the ranch state always goes about business in a big way. This month is no exception as she explores the wicked world of S/M and discovers that pain is sometimes a pleasure. Our bruised but still buoyant Miss Dean relates to her readers the torrid truths behind her evening of whippings, paddlings and nipple twisting research. All letters written to her c/o CHERI will be forwarded to her immediately.

Photo by JOHN McGRAW

S/M, B/D—that's all I hear these days. Since the beginning of the *Cheri Orchard* I have been beset by the antics of our charming Ms. Kolb and our domineering Mistress Roseanne. Every month I am forced to dig deeper and deeper into my past (as the present is fairly tame) to come up with something other than tender experiences. While Terry is taking "spankings and whippings and submitting to bondage" and Roseanne is having "her underclothes laundered by her eunuch" I have been gently expounding the virtues of meaningful relationships. What can a girl do to compete with such talent, such courage and stamina?—even my best friend has chains connected to her bedroom floor. These thoughts were clattering around in my brain when I stumbled (literally) over a stack of *Texas Free Presses*. Sitting on the sidewalk in front of Charlie's Newsstand amid fifty scattered copies, the sun glinting on *Genteel Austin Male, Amarillo Male Slave, Erotic Irving Couple*—the answer to my dilemma suddenly clicked into my head. I'd take an ad in the *Texas Free Press*.

Putting an ad in a paper is not as easy as it sounds. First of all you must face the task of composition. What should you say, what should you not say? What do you want and what do you have to offer? After you have completed two pages of your "likes" and "prefers" and "absolutely no —s need apply," you must then compact it down to a few measly lines. For someone as fastidious as myself this is a hard job. Once you have mastered the art of saying a lot with a little, you pop your masterpiece into the mail and wait for the cards and letters to come flowing in. The only problem you then have is whether or not your ad will be noticed. There are so many ads in the *Texas Free Press* that unless you run across a true dedicated ad-reader you may be waiting months for a reply. Fortunately for me my ad found its way on the fourth page of the forty-five page issue, right above *Ft. Worth Oral Sexpert* and right below *Hot & Horny In Houston*.

> *Wanted:* cauc. male attractive between 25 & 35 to introduce eager young attractive female to moderate S/M & B/D. Only sincere w/photo need answer. Fast reply to prompt answer.

My own prim and proper face stared out at me from a sea of black and white buttocks and bare-breasted, cunt-exposed women with black slashes across their faces. I looked more like an undercover librarian than a *Hot & Horny in Houston*. Thank God for men who are attracted to the look of innocence. Otherwise I would still be waiting on tables back in good ol' Bay City.

I got several letters the first week the ad was out. Letters filled with everything from assurances that this particular person was just who I was looking for, to photos and phone numbers and all the way up to references. The second week was more of the same thing. I certainly couldn't complain about the quantity of the responses, but it was the third week before I was answered with a short letter inviting me to dinner to discuss my ad in the TFP, complete with picture. I decided this was it. The picture depicted a man in his middle thirties, slim and muscled, gloriously browned by the sun, a man who looked capable of force as well as kindness. Besides I liked the style of his letter. He didn't come on as a slobbering fool. He would be at The Stables on the 14th at 9 PM—if I was interested I should meet him there. For nothing more than dinner and conversation—if things meshed we could take it from there. Otherwise no obligations. This man sounded a lot like me. Cautious.

The 14th arrived with me "hot to trot" as the saying goes. I had had a whole week and a half to fantasize over my forceful-looking friend and the minutes were inching forward like hours. Due to my over-anxious nature I made it to The Stables early and ended up having to fiddle twenty minutes away in the ladies' room. Finally, deciding that he must be here by now—surely an hour had passed since I came in here—I asked to be shown to Mr. Darwin's table. He was sipping a drink, looking quite unconcerned about my arrival, as if he knew that I would show up. This usually irritates me—I never like anyone to be to sure of me. It's better to keep them guessing; but then again, I was there and I was walking up to his table with a smile on my face. He didn't bother to stand or greet me, but pointed to a chair opposite and told the waiter to bring the "lady" a scotch on the rocks. I did a double take at that. I thought how fucking rude can you get! Plus I *hate* scotch. As I was about to inform the waiter of the "lady's" preference, Mr. Darwin and I made eye contact and all my irritation drained again. I took the offered seat and waited for my drink.

The conversation was small, the dinner expensive (and it was ordered without my having anything to say about it) and the vibes intense. We both knew that we would be leaving together regardless of how much a snob I thought him, no matter how presuming he acted. That one fact was ticking constantly in both our minds. A few times in our life we meet someone with whom we immediately click. This is the stuff of lifelong friendships and eternal love affairs, but generally—at least with me—it is someone I meet accidentally and will probably spend four or five hours with and never see again. This was the fact reverberating between us. Neither of us could have found a better companion to fulfill our desires if we had searched the world over, at least in Houston, and that's a hell of a lot of people, either way. It felt only natural that the night would see one of us wielding the whip and the other *(Continued on page 76)*

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

Dear Mistress Roseanne,

As slave to my Mistress, I humbly write you. I've been given permission by Mistress Eilean to write you telling you of my respect for Mistresses everywhere.

I was given permission to look at the October and November issues of CHERI magazine. In November you wrote a very understanding and wise article. My Mistress handles me and her other slave just like you wrote about and we both love and respect her.

Like you do, we must kneel in front of her when she speaks, looking up at her eyes always—never under her short leather skirt at her bare, respectful womanhood. Should either of us steal a glance at Mistress Eilean's beautiful crotch, she immediately orders the glancer to roll over onto his back, spread his legs as wide as possible exposing his male equipment, presenting it to her for punishment. Our clothing is always removed in her presence, and our male equipment is kept constantly on display for Mistress Eilean's eyes. Once the glancer has assumed the punishment position, our Mistress takes a wide riding crop and slaps our male organs causing both balls to shoot pain into our lower abdomen. I personally enjoy the pain inflicted on my male organs by Mistress Eilean. Our Mistress loves causing pain to male organs because she was raped eight years ago before she became a dominant, and causing pain to male organs is her way of paying back the male who raped her. I took a woman intimately once against her will, and Mistress Eilean knows all about it. Because of this, Mistress Eilean often punishes my male organs, and because I'm remorseful and know I deserve punishment, I surrender my male balls and penis for punishment. Because the pain is caused by my Mistress, I love it and often have to control an orgasm. Should I ejaculate whle being punished, Mistress Eilean will invite three other Mistress friends of hers to watch me masturbate into a cup and drink my own sperm.

Sexually, Mistress Eilean will not allow her slaves to have intercourse with her, though she often orders us to lick her womanhood for extended periods. I do so enjoy giving my Mistress her pleasure with my tongue.

She frequently loops nylon fishing line around my terrible male balls and pulls it up under me, up my back and ties it around my neck. If I bend forward, the nylon line tightens and causes pain in my balls that actually draws tears to my eyes, and if I bend over too far I could easily slice my balls right off.

Often my Mistress uses a vibrator on her most lovely and respected female opening. When she does this, I am usually ordered to lick her rectum as she has trained me, and though this task is another demeaning act, I love doing it for her, even if she has other Mistresses in to watch.

photo by ALLEN

Would you buy a worn whip from this woman? Mistress Roseanne is so mean she makes the Dirty Dozen *look like twelve easy pieces. This month our masochist-mauling Mistress answers a particularly stimulating letter from an obviously painfully adoring devotee. Write her if you dare, c/o CHERI.*

"If I bend too far I could easily slice my balls off."

By MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Mistress Roseanne, I love submitting myself to the command of my Mistress and any other dominant woman she commands me to submit to. She uses clamps, wires, straps, clothes pins, whips, and that wide riding crop for ball-punishment. She enjoys dishing it out and I enjoy taking it.

I might be crazy because I love submitting my balls to my Mistress or any other dominant woman. I'd gladly surrender my balls to you for a spanking with your razor strop, and I'd love every painful moment that you spanked them. Of course, my Mistress told me you wouldn't give me that satisfaction, but I thought I'd tell you anyway. If you are interested, my Mistress said she'd bring me to New York, and permit me to surrender my balls to you for punishment. She has already punished me for masturbating while looking at your picture in CHERI. After hearing from her how I insulted you by pulling my penis out while looking at your picture, I asked her permission to offer my balls or all of me to you for punishment too.

Mistress Eilean wants me to apologize to you for thinking of you sexually and not as the dominant Mistress that you are. I humbly ask your forgiveness for allowing my male organs to become aroused while looking at your picture, and again offer myself to you for punishment. Mistress Eilean will be taking me to New York the second week of December, and that is when she will deliver me to your office at CHERI if you wish to punish me.

Slave Harold

Dear Readers,

I recently received the above letter in response to my column. I direct my answer to Mistress Eilean for several reasons. Seeing as how her slave openly admits having insulted me, he does not deserve attention from me, even indirectly through my column. There is also a mutual respect between dominant women especially since few are willing to admit their true personalities for fear of being rebuked by so-called dominant males. I also find her more interesting than a mere slave who is only fit to amuse his Mistress's periods of boredom.

I would be very interested in meeting you and any of your slaves. However, if you should bring the one who wrote this letter, I would suggest you first put a hood on him. He does not deserve to look upon me. I would also enjoy punishing him for his insult to my person. However, I would refrain from torturing his balls, since he seems to enjoy it so much.

I would much prefer to punish him by first chaining his wrists to the ceiling so he must stand on tiptoes for several hours. That would be a good beginning. Then I have a riding crop made of fiberglass that not only leaves an interesting welt, but has a delicious sound as it strikes bare flesh, preferably the inside of the thighs. Of *(Continued on page 98)*

take my wife, Please!

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

By SCOTT AND SUZANNE MURRAY

"It's never hard to find someone to fuck my wife."

Scott and Suzanne, the carnal combo of the future, once again bounce from bed to bed in search of love, lust and other good things. This month the Murrays examine the whys and wherefores of swinging through advertisements and phone numbers you might see scribbled in telephone booths at your local bars. Anxious to connect up with new "friends," write them soon—c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

Hi! Welcome to the latest installment of the continuing saga, "Swinging with Suzy and Scott." I hope you've been with us for the past three issues in which we explained how we got introduced to swinging and talked to some people who are trying to make it more accessible for all. We were lucky. We were introduced to swinging by a chance acquaintance. However, not all of you may know someone who is into the scene. And for some of us, in these days of unemployment, the price of joining a club is just too high. Or maybe you just don't like the idea of joining a club. So where can likely partners be found? One apparent solution is the personal ads section of a magazine.

We had thought of devoting this column to the actual swinger's magazines. Seems the obvious thing to do, but then we found out how difficult they are to trace in New York. We had tried several newsstands on Forty-second Street before we found one that had a couple of out-of-date copies. Then we realized that, if we had trouble finding them, what luck would out-of-towners have in their local candy stores? *Screw* and *Pleazure* now have swinger's ads and, though they are not available everywhere, at least they are more common than the specialist mags.

So we bought our copies. And spent a not altogether unamusing evening reading them. But this is hardly the place for literary criticism. It is the ad section that is of interest here. The main difference between the two is that *Pleazure* has phone numbers in nearly every ad. A much quicker way to get to the action than sending letters to box numbers. And also it's much more personal.

The object of th3 exercise was to determine the chances of encountering a genuine couple with whom to swing. Not freaks, professionals or rejects from Disneyland. An attractive couple. Maybe one that had difficulty finding partners because of their unwillingness to join a club.

The ads themselves varied from individuals looking for couples, to couples looking for groups. Although the offers were tempting to Suzy, the individuals were always men offering their services to "satisfy your wife while you watch." I insisted that we try for couples only. I reckoned that it's never hard to find a guy who is willing to fuck your wife. It's much harder to find a chick who will fuck you. So we stuck to what we considered the straight requests.

So Suzy tried calling a number from *Pleazure*. On her very first attempt, she managed to locate a dirty old man. (Well, he may be young and clean, but his voice didn't sound that way.) The ads with phone numbers usually stipulate that the female calls. Which this one did. So Suzy called. He asked her all sorts of details about herself—the size of her tits, how juicy her cunt gets, does she like sucking on big pricks. . . . She protested that she thought those questions were a bit too direct, and that he was a lying slob and a horny cocksucker. Which started him breathing hard. She was about to hang up when he begged her not to. Not until he had come. So, being a lovely warm-hearted kid, she continued with a vivid description of what she'd do to his cock if she ever met him. I think he is still hoping she will.

The next call was to a New Jersey number. A girl answered the phone. Suzy asked her if she had put the ad in the magazine and she admitted to it. Suzy told her that we are a swinging couple and would be glad to meet her and her husband. She asked, "What husband?" It turned out that she was single and that she wanted to make it with Suzy while I watched. Now this was really a switch from the normal. We decided to invite her over for the following Saturday. I thought that we could expect an ugly old dyke, but that's research.

The third call was the only successful one in the quest for a couple. I thought we were really on to something at last. The young man described themselves as being in their mid-twenties, attractive, interested and interesting people. Just the type we wanted to meet. So Suzy said that we would be happy to see them. He said fine, that he would see where he could fit us in on his calendar. Finally, he decided that he could manage an hour or two between sessions the following Thursday.

Now, we're not looking for life-long romance through swinging. We got each other for that. We want to meet people, and possibly develop friendships on the way, the main purpose, to be honest, is the sexual encounter. But to be 'fitted in' like a doctor's house call! No way! That isn't real. Not the way we see it. So Suzy told him we'd call back if we could find the time on Thursday. After all, there was a movie I wanted to see on television, and Suzie still hadn't finished reading this month's Scientific American.

While Suzy was taking care of business with the help of Ma Bell, I was writing to the people who had advertised in *Screw*. Altogether five couples in our area sounded interesting. So I sent each a note asking for a call.

During the week, we got three replies. Not a bad batting average really. Two of the couples were too far away for us, but they did sound interesting. The third couple lived quite close to us, and we have since met.

We went over to their place one evening. And what a place! the living room was the stereotype orgy room. Floor cushions, dim lighting, an astray shaped like a cunt, and a Siamese cat decorating it all. The bathroom had orgy-pattern curtains. The bedroom—we stayed away from.

They both looked too straight for us, but we thought we'd stay *(Continued on page 71)*

YOUR COLUMN

You asked for it, you got it. Spill your slime on your own personal page. A golden opportunity to send in raunchy, ribald and otherwise racy responses to our rag. Purge your soul and cleanse your system, get those sins down on paper and slide them in. All you perverts will be protected by withholding name and address unless you're bold enough embarrass yourself publicly. All smut sent c/o CHERI magazine.

Dear Cheri,
I'm a track and field runner. I've
run in meets around the world and
have trained in cities all around
the country. I was in California
when I had the most unbelievable
experience. While doing distance
training and running through various
residential areas I suddenly had
the urge to move my bowels since I
just ate shortly before. I thought
I could double back and get to
my place and take care of business.
but mother nature's call got loud-
er. I had to stop. I went up the
steps of a modern split level
and knocked. I was sweaty. A
woman answered the door when

This letter happens to be on stationary: however we do accept creative communications on whatever may strike your fancies, as long as it's not wet.

"As she sucked, I shat"

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Dear Cheri,

I'm a track and field runner. I've run in meets around the world and have trained in cities all around the country. I was in California when I had the most unbelievable experience. While doing distance training and running through various residential areas I suddenly had the urge to move my bowels since I had just ate shortly before. I thought I could double back and get to my place and take care of business but mother nature's call got louder. I had to stop. I went up the stairs of a modern split level and knocked. I was sweaty. A woman answered the door in her mid-twenties. She looked incredible in her short-short cutoffs. Her darkly tanned features were set off by long blonde hair. I told her about my situation and she laughed. We exchanged pleasantries and spoke just a bit about running when I noticed her looking at the bulge in my shorts. It had grown noticeably, but I didn't want to frighten her so I turned away and sought out the bathroom. She led me there and asked if I wanted something to drink. I declined . . . relief came slowly. Then I noticed the bathroom wasn't supplied so I called out her name and let her know. She came in shortly with a roll. To my surprise she opened the door wide. My shorts were around my ankles and I had a semi-hard on. She looked and laughed. She came in, sat on the edge of the bathtub and smiled. I thought she was a nut. From my angle I could see her tits and her nipples were like nickels. Then without a word she bent over and started licking the inside of my thighs. My cock was hard as hell now and her mouth just sunk all over it. Her hand reached under and grabbed my balls, her lips still firm on my shaft. Her pressure on my cock and the pressure of my bowels was unbelievable. Her hands just slid up and down my prick. She pulled my leg out of the shorts and spread them wide. Her slow bobs on my cock started to pick up. Her blonde hair just bounced around between my legs. Then she felt my cum rise and let out a squeal. She started hummin' on my cock and everything got to be too much. I came in three or four spurts and she started from the base of my cock with firm pressure and slowly came to the top bringing the come with her. She did this several times, then lifted her head, picked up the roll and handed it to me. Cum was all over her face. She left and closed the door behind her. I sat there for awhile and then got ready to leave. On her sofa she was naked and masturbating. That was the beginning of a long evening. Through sports a lot of things have happened to me but that was definitely the most unusual.

Please withhold name

Dear Cheri,

Talk about crazy S/M scenes, I have one to end them all. I'm a retired physical education teacher, 56 years old, who gave up the rat race and got a job as a trainer at a downtown gym just for the fun of it. Every Wednesday night is ladies night at the gym and we have quite a few regulars who come in for a work-out. One of our clients is a very young-looking 50 year-old lady who wanted to take up weight training for her figure (not that she needed it). She is about 5'8" and slim in all the right spots. I was teaching her, and she made wonderful progress in her exercises and we became good friends. I was a widower of about five years' standing and didn't pay much attention to the girls thinking my days were over. One snowy evening last winter as I was about to close up she walked in carrying her gym bag. "Let's have a real work-out," she said and began to take off her boots and her coat. She had on a skirt and blouse which she began to remove as she announced, "I want a real work-out. I want you to box with me—really give me a fight for my money." With that, she removed her skirt and blouse. Underneath, she was wearing a pair of Everlast boxing trunks and a small bra which just about contained her beautiful tits. I did a double-take, gulped and tried to explain that boxing wasn't for ladies but to no avail.

I got us a set of big pillow gloves (16 oz.), and head gear for her, which she refused, and we climbed into the ring. We went at it. I allowed her to do all the hitting, and just defended myself during the first round. She proved to be quite good and could hit pretty hard for a gal. After one and a half rounds, (two minutes a round) she pushed me into a corner and said, "For crying out loud, will you hit me a time or two. I've been doing all the work, I want a fighter not a punching bag for a partner." Well, to make a long story short, I began to hit her and she loved it. After four rounds, I was as hard as a rock and she knew it. She was ready for anything and I sensed it. While resting between rounds, she came to me and kissed me full on the mouth with her tongue doing little things to my lips. "Let's take off our trunks and go at *(Continued on page 98)*

THE SLAVE TRADE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by TERRY KOLB

"Some of the letters have led to lasting, lashing friendships."

This month Terry Kolb, our comely connection to the world of whips, paddles and other anguish apparati, shares some of the letters she has received in response to her column. Here is the creme de la creme of the S/M mailbag maniacs. Terry is eagerly waiting for her next batch, so write her c/o of CHERI.

photo by JAMES E. JACKSON

I have had many interesting and diverse responses to my column, and some have even led to lasting friendships. Both men and women have written. Some were happy just to tell me their experiences in S/M. Others wanted advice on techniques and/or how to meet a compatible partner. Some had propositions for me and other simply asked for a picture of me. I have answered all letters that included a return address—if you have written and haven't gotten a response, I don't have your return address. Some of your letters are forwarded without the original envelope so please include your address on the letter itself. Here are some of the letters I have received recently:

"For several years I have been interested in bondage, but it is a real turn-off for my wife. Because of something she has *no* control over, I think I have made a small breakthrough. I wonder if you could give me some tips and hints on how to get her really turned on to bondage? Mostly I am interested in getting her to wear clothing that is attractive to males (especially me) but uncomfortable and/or embarrassing to her."

Your desires are very common (or should I say classic?). In Jack's studio there were always a pair of spiked high-heeled shoes which I detested—they reminded me of all the discomfort of my adolescence when that style was popular. The more he knew I hated the shoes, the more Jack loved to have me wear them. He would combine the use of the shoes with bondage—without bonds. Once he made me climb on top of his desk wearing the hated shoes. I then had to squat and hold the pose until I thought I would *die* from the pain in my legs. Although I was crying and complaining, when I came down I was "wet, wild and willing."

"I bought my first issue of CHERI magazine today and when I read your article, I had to write to you. I share the same fascination for S/M as you and I'd love to talk to you. I am going to start a harem and I want *you* to be my first wife. I have nothing to offer except love—I think that's enough (I just hope you do)."

Sorry fans, my reply was confidential. Another letter read as follows:

"I am writing in response to that question of yours about favorite bondage techniques and devices. I have some pretty good ideas. Here are some of the fiendish techniques I'd like to use on a sexy chick: I'd tie her hands behind her back really tight, or use handcuffs, and then tie her legs together and gag her. Then when I have her totally helpless I'd torture her and beat her. As long as the girl is securely tied up so she can *never* get out, I'll be happy. I also really like the idea of putting a girl on one of those racks that stretch people out! I'd like to put my slave on such a rack, tie her up tight and just keep stretching her out! I really love sadism and I adore bondage. I'd love to find a girl who's interested in bondage—I can't seem to find a chick who'll let me do these things to her."

Yours is one of the letters I got without a return address, so I'll answer in my column. About your problem of finding a girl who will let you tie her up: I'm not so sure *I* would let you tie me up. Even with all my experience, you scare me to death! Do you see S/M as a form of communication? Do you see your role of dominant as one of towering responsibility? I don't think so. No one will allow herself to become helpless unless she knows you care about her and won't use her helplessness as unlimited license for abuse. You can kill a person on a rack. There is a real one in the House of Dominance in Hollywood—you can stretch a girl on that one but only in the presence of one of the dominant women, who will prevent you from pulling too tightly. If you can get over to Hollywood, you will have a chance to experience the real thing and you will see for yourself what a serious thing it is. Good luck!

I received two letters from women—fellow masochists. They were real turn-ons, but they had one thing in common. They both equate their masochism with woman's role in society. They feel women are inferior and that they belong under the control of a man at all times, and this is where we part company. I feel the roles assumed in S/M depend on the individual's psyche, not on what sex they happen to be. Thus there are submissive men, dominant women, and vice-versa. Although I am submissive sexually, I fiercely resent all socially-enforced role playing. I consider it unjust and irrational to cast women always as secretaries and men as executives. I have had jobs where I had to type letters for men who were virtually illiterate! That's got to go. So I would rather you saw your submissive tastes as your own and not belonging to the entire female sex. After all, Mistress Roseanne is hardly in that bag!

(Continued on page 71)

TARRI MICAS

This year's hottest West Coast nudie, photographed in the inimitable manner of NIPPY PHILLIPS.

TARRI MICAS HAS BEEN
PHOTOGRAPHED
DOZENS OF TIMES.
BUT IT TOOK NIPPY
TO DO HER RIGHT.

PUNISH
CONSTA
JEN

THE JUST DESSERT

by T. CASEY BRENNAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY WILSHIRE

I remember the last time they whipped a girl. The camera dropped or something and there was General Bartly, hand in his pants, jerking off to beat hell. You only saw it for a second, of course, but I bet there was a big stink about that.

Tonight they're going to whip another one. I bang my

THE JUST DESSERT

glass on the table and yell for another drink. It's the only place you can get the bartender's attention in a place like this. For one thing, the television is blaring.

He brings my drink, and as he does, the TV screen goes blank. And suddenly there is silence. Dead silence. Nobody would even dare to drop a pin.

"Tonight! Live!" blares the voice from the still-blank screen, "The Federal Communications Network is proud to bring you a special program: The Punishment of Constance Jennings! We switch you now to our correspondent in Washington, Harry Cheesely! Harry . . ."

The picture blurs into focus. Harry Cheesely is almost surrounded by the crowd.

"Thanks, Jack. There's certainly a big turn-out here tonight, including many celebrities and noted statesmen. We're going to try to get some opinions from them. As you know, there was a great deal of controversy surrounding tonight's event. Some felt that the sentence of fifty lashes was too severe. Others felt that the court had no right to waive Miss Jennings' juvenile status and try her as an adult. Tell me, Senator, do you think this policy will help to turn the tide away from lawlessness?"

"Ah do, suh!"

The camera moves in for a close-up. Senator Barron continues.

"I think it's time for the real Americans to make themselves heard in this great land of ours! Everybody can talk about law and order! But we're doing something to bring it about!"

"What's the controversy surrounding this case, Senator?" Harry Cheesely asks.

"There **is** no controversy," replies Barron indignantly, "This woman was guilty of fornication. If she's old enough to commit an adult crime, she's old enough to be punished like an adult! This wasn't a matter of playing hooky, you know!"

Next there's some damned police chief. He's all red in the face and puffing. He keeps talking about how hard this is, but how it's going to bring about a better society. Cheesely finally gets the picture that the speech is getting repetitious and we politely move on.

And of course the punitologist, the guy who swings the whip, is in on the interviews. A big strapping kid with a crew cut and a lantern jaw. He makes a little speech about patriotism and loving God.

I look down into my beer.

When I look up, there's another man on the screen. His face is haggard and he's crying while he speaks.

"That's my daughter!" he keeps saying, "She's only a baby! You can't let them do this to her! You've got to help her!"

Suddenly he's raving and screaming, "Please! Please! Somebody come and help me! We've got to stop them! That's my little girl they're going to whip!"

Someone drags him out of camera range, and Cheesely is on the move again, circulating through the crowd,

(Continued on page 87)

FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE

Jeannie the freak offers a lesson for us all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD

By PETER WOLFF

In a world of chemical gnomes, dispeptic cripples, mind-mangled freaks, Jeannie passes as beautiful. Her blonde hair shimmers, her body is young and firm, her head is *together*.

Jeannie pays the freight with her body. Adrift in a hungry and anxious world, she uses her fresh form and healthy libido as legal tender. While the readers of *Penthouse* merely fantasize about monoped scenes, Jeannie pursues her lively and unique sex style despite her handicap. She is truly one of a kind and that's why we interviewed her here in New York last month.

PETER: Okay, I'm sure our readers would love to know a little about your life . . . where you're at, how you got there . . .

JEAN: Sure, anything.

PETER: When your friend Bob found you; you were here in New York?

JEAN: Yeah. Working the streets.

"In many ways, a person with a handicap is superior to a 'normal' person. I once went with a guy with *no* legs at all. We had a great time. . . ."

"I got raped by five guys on the way home from my twelfth birthday party. I guess that was the beginning of my sexual odyssey. . . ."

PETER: Working the streets? What was that like? Was it hard?
JEAN: It was . . . different.
PETER: Had you ever done it before coming to New York?
JEAN: Not on the streets. In private clubs back home in Arizona, sure. That was really the first time.
PETER: Did you run into any trouble?
JEAN: I got beat up once. The day before Bob ran into me.
PETER: Why'd you get beat up?
JEAN: I don't know. He was just another trick and he wanted all my money, so he beat me up and took it.
PETER: Right on the street?
JEAN: No, I got in his car and he drove

me all the way out to Queens . . . says he's going to take me to some hotel, only we never made it.

PETER: Were you tricking in the car?

JEAN: No.

PETER: Did he get any sex off you?

JEAN: No, he just beat me up.

PETER: Not very nice. You'd been a go-go

"I learned how to hook in reform school. They got me on seven counts of burglary. . . ."

"Be glad for what you have. Be glad you're not so mangled that you're dead. Everybody has something beautiful about them, either inside or outside. Don't feel sorry for yourself. Show people who you are. You're just as good as anybody. Don't make yourself ugly with self-pity."

Long Jean Silver

"Why shouldn't I get paid for it instead of giving it away to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. . . ?"

dancer; right? Where was that?
JEAN: Various clubs out in Arizona, in Phoenix. The Kit-Kat . . . kind of like the clubs they have out here; private clubs, but they're not as well organized as the ones here.
PETER: Did you have a chance to intermingle with the customers in a club like that?
JEAN: Yeah.
PETER: So it was more than just shows.
JEAN: Yeah. (LAUGHS)
PETER: And the dancing, did you have a chance to play around with the customers?
JEAN: Not at the Kit-Kat, but at the private clubs they'd get up on stage with you and take off all their clothes . . .
PETER: How old are you?
JEAN: Twenty-one. *(Continued on page 88)*

"If someone asked me to butt-fuck them with my leg, I'd refuse. . . ."

THE GIRL FROM STILETTO

BY DIANA HAWKINS

What the world needs now is a free-wheeling, gut-wrenching, kinked-out, semi-S&M, metal-mutant rock band with good intentions. What it gets is Stilletto, the happy Huns here pictured, and they come close enough. The group has sprung from the slime of the New York underground, a fecund, germ-breeding state of mind now defining tastes as far south as Trenton and ennobling such primal favorites as the Ramones, Television, Wayne County, Talking Heads, the new Dolls and a lot of other savages you never heard of either.

But you will. Rock is the medium that goes beyond beyond, that has the energy/frenzy that sex films never did. Rock is many awful things but boring is not one of them. And so Stilletto. The group features a voraciously magnetic lead singer, Elda, with Walter the bass player, Leon Neon on guitar and Shebo, her old man, on the drums.

Elda has been through every arty insanity New York has spewed forth. Plucked at a tender 17 from the

photos by PETER HURD

Elda Stilletto, porn actress turned erotic rocker, puts her pussy on the line in every song she sings.

structured creativity of the best art school here, she's been a model, an actress, mistress to an impressive assortment of hotshot heroes, a teacher of Medieval Cooking at the Cloisters, a backup singer with Holly Woodlawn's Pure Garbage, a porn star, a seamstress, a designer and by the way a good mother. She has a crazy, inventive energy that does not get on your nerves although she does have a great many opinions which may come from having led a number of wild lives and still being in one's mid-twenties.

ON LOVE & MARRIAGE: I met Eric. He was a legend—he'd made a movie with Andy Warhol at the Factory and then went out to California and lived in a castle with a bunch of outrageous people. Being with him was a very crazy experience. We weren't together all the time but when he was—wow! What didn't go down! It was enough to last a girl a lifetime.

But there were all these women. One trip after another. In the beginning I couldn't understand—Eric must have fucked more girls than any man in New York City. After we'd been living together for months this girl flies in from California—seven months pregnant. She storms into Max's Kansas City where he used to hang out and just announces her arrival. She was the first pregnant one I knew about. Oh, it was

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"Stilletto" is more than a rock group. It's a tuneful, hard-driving trashy sex theatre where almost anything goes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD

Legend Of A Panty Sniffer

I read your column, Dear Abby, yesterday.
Madame Suspicion is a victim
in this high society.
'Cause you know she found my
underwear hangin' around.
Oh, Abby, won't you help me find the way?

I left them in her husband's pickup truck.
She found 'em so I'm really out of luck.
Don't you know, it's such a drag—
she used them for a rag!
And now on Wednesday I keep gettin' stuck.

I left my Wednesday panties in Passaic—
that's in New Jersey.
I left my Wednesday panties in Passaic—
that's in New Jersey.

Oh Abby, do me a favor, and write that man.
And tell him I don't care if I see him again.
Hang his lovin' on the rack—
I just want my Wednesdays back.
I pay for panties, I don't pay for men.

(CHORUS)
Oh Monday, pink Monday,
And Tuesday's blue—
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
Wednesday, what happened to you?
I left my panties
in Passaic.

© 1976 Stilletto Music

A really class stripper has magic. She can make a grown man swoon and sink him into bawdy bankruptcy. She can make him chase her around a stage in Boston, dive into a Tidal Basin pool and forego his chairmanship of the House Ways & Means. But up until now that's all she could make, plus tips, unless she left the premises.

You'll be encouraged to hear that things are so rotten in the Big Apple (a.k.a. Sodom-on-the-Hudson) that there are dives where you can go in, right in off the street, during lunchtime or the Happy Hour or if let's say you're on Unemployment all day and night and get molested by the star right there in your seat. Money talks, nobody walks, not even as far as the back

TEQUILA: QUEEN OF THE NEW SODOM

By GEN WOLF

PHOTOS BY CARL KRAVATS

room. It's a lot like a horse auction; you hold up your hand, or the bucks, to make a bid, only here the animal saunters over so you can check out her confirmation and style. She opens her mouth and asks for your preference; anything short of outright screwing can be handled right under the table. The Big Casino comes a bit high, a bill or two, but she knows just how to work you into thinking it's for you, a most delicious bargain to top off the show.

Enter Tequila. She is sheer feline grace as she glides out onto the green felt tabletop that passes for a stage in these dives. "So many men tell me I look like a Spanish Sophia Loren!" she brags, and it's easy to see why. It's also easy to see why there's no stage, just a

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IN NEW YORK'S BOTTOMLESS JOINTS, DANCERS BALL AND BLOW IN OPEN VIEW.

table top for easy access, quick communication between turned-on and turner—this is called 'mixing.'

She turns and removes her Oriental jacket, flashing her breasts and shaved pubis; calculated precisely to bring out the breast. Her eyes are smoldering in invitation, a caricature of allure. She looks directly from one man to another in her audience, keeping her hips moving in rhythm, teasing. The crazy disco music in the background thrusts her hips in and out, and she smiles. She's ready to play.

They've gotten the message. She slithers off the table and slinks towards a middle-aged man with thinning hair and a full mustache. She sees the $20 bill in his hand. Without a word she straddles his lap and humps into him. Just for a moment. Then she leaps off, folds the bill and scans the room for another customer. She is as efficient and precise as a nurse giving smallpox shots.

Behind her, another chickie begins to bump and grind her way across the table, building up a tension she's ready and willing to relieve. Beckoned by another man in a handsome three-piece pin-stripe suit, Tequila glides over to him and smothers his face in her breasts. She wriggles her ass in advertisement so the guys around him get the message. Buying in is not all that expensive. Hand-jobs run about $30,and a few moments of fooling around, $10 and up. One New England congressman once gave the lady $20 to sit beside him in a dark corner and talk about Chaucer; Tequila deals in many levels of communication.

"You know why these places are popular?" she tells us, her supple body glowing under her dressing-room peignoir. "So many guys never get to see what a woman's genitals look like. Okay, they're not virgins, but their girls are uptight about showing it. Another good reason for keeping my pussy shaved—so they can see it all!" Actually, she'd prefer to keep it waxed and stubble free, but it's so hard to find a beauty salon that can handle that type of specialty . . .

But Tequila copes. One memorable playmate was a cosmic cowboy in a bright blue sharkskin suit and orange boots. She tucked the bills into her jacket pocket and smiled at him, inches from his face. Then she straddled one of his polyester knees, unzipped his fly and got down to it, right in front of his friends. He was so enchanted with her movements he forgot they weren't in a hotel suite somewhere, snuggling into the eiderdown. Hand over hand, she pulled his limp cock into long, tall ecstasy, moving faster, her beautifully manicured hands stroking surely until he came. One moment of pure attention, but then she leapt away, shattering his erotic dream. His ruddy complexion deepened in embarrassment and there he was, zipping up, helpless before the relentless reality of the bar, his friends' smirks. She'd made it all go far away.

"I've always been an exhibitionist," she admits, "even as a kid. I was brought up in a Pentecostal home—sex was an evil thing, disgusting. I turned my first trick when I was seventeen, just for money; it felt good, knowing what I could spend it on, but I had to make myself respectable. After graduation I had lots of straight jobs, mostly in Public Relations and Personnel. But they were all so bureaucratic. My type of personality, exuberant, never fit in—I always felt caged.

"Then I got work as a barmaid. The customers were mostly Italian gangsters, and very generous. They turned me on to 'extra services' you know?

"Then I worked at Diamond Lil's. There were go-go dancers, and I thought, 'How can these women do that—expose themselves in public?'"

One of the dancers turned her on to an agent we'll call Pablo, the traditional show-biz sleazoid who worked out of an old Broadway building and made his money in moving flesh—in her case, moving topless. Tequila found her tender tits booked from Connecticut to Reading, Pennsylvania. She was consistently made offers a girl can hardly refuse.

After about thirty seconds of fiscal consideration, Tequila decided to take the plunge. "Now I think of my skin as another costume. I've got to keep myself in perfect condition and spend a lot of time and money on myself, which isn't so bad. It's the best investment I could make!"

Her new career gave her great insight into the vagaries of human nature. "Once I had a hunchbacked dwarf. He gave me $50 for just a hand-job. A lot of girls are disgusted by men who are physically deformed. But one part of my religious training I never gave up was the idea of charity, you know. These men are very grateful for a little affection and sex. And very generous."

Tequila admires a generous man. She has the freewheeling confidence and cunning of the splendidly endowed. When the president of a large brokerage firm asked her to go with him, she knew instinctively that it would be a lot more beneficial than going home to *Mary Hartman*. In the morning he asked her if there was anything she needed and she said $200 would about cover it, thanks.

She also finds that fucking is a great exercise, even better than yoga. And all kinds of sex. "As long as there's no coercion, no danger to life and limb, I can get into it." One of her customers wanted her to stand immobile, posed like a queen, while he fucked a grapefruit. Another pleasure-seeker told her to pinch him, hit him and scream "Come, you bitch!" while she rubbed his cock. It's all a learning process, you understand. Earn as you learn. Perhaps when Tequila has finished up with every frenzied fetishist in Manhattan she can move on to teaching Abnormal Psychology at Columbia.

One wealthy Chinese man offered her a grand to bind her feet—bend backward, in the traditional manner. Tequila declined. Being adaptable she quickly bound up his prick, though, in an Ace bandage, and unwound it slowly, sucking and nibbling the open part with her teeth.

There will always be a market for girls who can think that fast. One of her political connections, deputy mayor of a large city in the midwest, introduced her to a gentleman who ". . dare we drop clues" was mentioned frequently for the presidency in recent months. In no time at all Tequila found herself parked in a long, lush limo on Central Park South sucking him off, while a certain Candy, a famous New York party doll, handled his ass and balls. Throughout the festivities the chauffeur sat immobile, smoking, pretending he didn't exist.

Tequila has worked hard to make herself a high-profit and extremely efficient sexual instrument. This has given her a certain philosophy any upwardly mobile courtesan would do well to adhere to. Pragmatic passion, it seems, is "feeling good—being sexy for yourself. If you're into your own body, it's easier for you to be into other peoples'. I'm very sensual, and I take very good care of myself—so I understand every desire. I can give a great blow-job" (you were expecting maybe modesty?) "and I enjoy licking ears, nipples or any other part of the body. I like to turn people on to loving themselves, showing how much I can . . . "

It is better to give than to receive, sometimes. Best of all are gifts. Tequila always accepts gifts. The rest of the race understands instinctively that the way to her heart is through a deposit slip, but there are other goodies. When she decided to get long, false nails just like Mrs. Gregg Allman's, the manicurist was such a bundle of empathy that she invited her home. "And there was a gigolo—a beautiful young man who knew everything about satisfying a woman. If we think of ourselves as presents to each other, it can open up new vistas of pleasure . . . all we have to do is think we *deserve* getting presents. And I do."

Between erotic engagements, Tequila hangs out with her current old man, a sweet young lad who promises to lavish his grandfather's fortune on her—just as soon as the old gentleman departs. Life *can* be a bowl of cherry jell-o, fans, as long as you keep yourself "sensitive and uninhibited and turned on to the desires of others."

You can spot the lady being all those, and more, at several midtown dance bars. You could even say she's waiting for you. Our only advice is to hold the bills in such a way that the corners are always exposed.

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 23)

employee told me that the height of his generousity was to take a girl to a Chinese restaurant at 3:30 AM, and have them serve her the garbage left over from all the other customers—for which he only pays half price.

Another burlesque establishment in Washington is well-known for its dangerous dressing rooms, located in a spooky-looking basement. The customers sometimes sneak down there and rape and rob the girls, and once a customer even got stabbed and robbed by two other customers.

One night, a stripper was descending the basement stairs when a customer stood a top the stairs and pissed on her head.

(Continued on page 74)

Punk Groupie

suzette is a new version of an old breed of music moll.

BY MICHELLE CRAVEN

Photo by MASA

Punk rock is the hottest thing in music right now. It is brutal, loud, intense, mesmerizing, dirty and raw. It is one hell of a lot of fun. The audience is irresistibly involved, although the lyrics are almost impossible to hear. Someone once asked the leader of the wildest and most successful punk group why this was. "We give them World War III," he said, sulky and adorable in his leather jacket and jeans, "and they give it right back, man."

Punk actually started out on Long Island, a strange place full of kids whose parents make so much money they can buy them magenta Fender Stratocasters before their first lay. About

"IT'S AN HONOR TO BE THROWN OUT OF A KISS LIMO. . . ."

Photos by TONY NESTE

five years ago, when Suzette was but 17, guys began plugging in and clumping together and once they all played in the same key, becoming *A Band*. All this would be laughable, especially if you'd ever heard a Jethro Tull album, except that they were full of this insane energy, hoody and macho. As the line goes, the men might laugh but the little girls understood.

The term "groupie" was invented by Frank Zappa, who meant no harm. It was just that there were these girls, flocks of them, squirming and writhing towards almost any musician, anywhere and since names didn't seem to matter too much you had to call them *something*. Suzette is the flashy beauty standing right behind the sound box during the set. She comes with the band. Her boyfriend is a lead singer with a group which shall be nameless, and so she *(Continued on page* **72**)

"I FIND THAT A LOT OF TIMES FUCKIN' A MUSICIAN IS LIKE FUCKIN' A STATUE. I HATE JERKS WHO JUST LIE THERE WHILE I SUCK THEIR COCKS."

Kim Pope

Jody Maxwell

Renee Rousseau

Honeysuckle Divine

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Audrey Andrews

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THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 30)

always wanted to continue.

"Our favorite time was Friday night. She would come in late after a football game and a date, and we would have coffee and cigarettes in the kitchen. Soon I made her strip, marched her down to the basement, and tied her on tiptoe—hands bound to a rafter. While the nipple-clamps bit hard and after the dildo was pushed up into her, I stood alongside with the little whip and we talked while I used the thongs on buttocks, legs, and midriff. Afterward, her wrists were locked behind her and we went to bed.

"At age twenty-one she received her inheritance and its size amazed us both. She was quite free and financially able to do what she wanted. So she did. We moved a long way off to another area of the country, she bought me a business of my own, and we married. We continue as Master and slave and we've never regretted it."

That letter was such a turn-on to me that I sent this man my phone number. What I liked was his constant stressing of his Lolita's freedom of choice, and his obvious interest in her well being.

A New York publisher recently wrote that he wanted me to come and discuss an article he wanted to publish. He sent me a round trip ticket—had a black Cadillac limousine at the airport to meet me and take me to a hotel. He was a young and handsome S who took me home and gave me a loving thrashing. That's what I call being *swept away*! It was like meeting the Fairy Godmother, Prince Charming and Count Dracula all in one. I have also heard from some of my fellow columnists. Audrey Andrews of *Swing Shift* came to L.A. for a visit and we had breakfast together, renewing old acquaintances. We used to go to the same nudist resort back East. Of course, Mistress Roseanne and I are old friends, having met one evening when Jack took me to her bound and blindfolded (but that's another story)—I spoke to Roseanne when I was in New York with the sexy young publisher. Maureen Murphy liked my last month's column, but we have yet to get together. Maybe some of your readers can write to her and remind her of humble little me. Bi for now!

Take My Wife, Please!

(Continued from page 28)

for a chat, anyway. We were really more interested in finding out what experiences they had had with their advertisement. It seems that John and Mary (not their real names, of course), also have an ad running on cable TV. They have had to have a second phone installed for their swinging business.

We asked them how many requests they get in a week. He said they only took advantage of a couple of offers a week and throw parties once a month. For their regular circle. Now, no one can claim they aren't getting enough variety! They've been at it for six years. Even done the "swingers holiday" with a New Jersey club. They think it is a necessary part of their lives.

But stand by it they won't. They both seemed bashful. They were scared their names might get out and they don't believe in discussing their habits with non-swingers. They had tried to appear inconspicuous for their TV. ad—cowboy hat and shades to cover their faces.

They also seemed very defensive about the whole movement. I am certainly not about to criticize swinging, yet they tried to convince me how good it is for marriages, and how much they both enjoy it. However, only together in the same room. If Mary doesn't like the guy, then John doesn't get his rocks off with the chick. A bit unfair, I'd say. But to each his own. They were very hospitable though, and we were pleased to have met them and heard another viewpoint on the subject.

Came Saturday and the girl did appear. Much to our shock. We had both forgotten all about her. I was in town late and came home in time to find Suzy being eaten quite vigorously by Cindy, who was not an ugly old dyke—in fact, we all seemed to get on just fine together. But, after a brief encounter in the bedroom, she had to rush back home. Without answering the many questions I had meant to put to her. She did tell me that she was from the Coast originally and didn't know many people here in the East, and that she was bisexual, which she proved to my satisfaction. But not much else. She promised to get in touch with us again, which she did.

She appeared last Wednesday evening with her new boy friend. (Actually an old friend from California who had just arrived in town.) Seems she had put the advertisement in the paper while living with a guy who had since left her. So when we called she had no one to bring along. But she didn't see that as a reason to miss a fuck session. We just struck lucky in our timing. In a way, I felt relieved. When the whole thing happened, it seemed quite unusual. The explanation cleared up all our questions.

So, was it worth the two bucks for the phone calls, the sixty-five cents for stamps, the price of two magazines? Suzy and I think it was. The fact that the couple we met didn't appeal to us, was due to our own tastes. We didn't want to visit those who lived upstate, only because of our lack of a car. Cindy & Co. were really rather pleasant to meet.

Sure, you can get some weirdies. People who have since moved, dirty old men just wanting to talk, professionals. But the odds are that at least one of the couples will be genuine, and it is cheaper than joining a club. So give it a try.

As for us, well, Suzy has just bought some more stamps. And I know she never answers her friends' letters. . . .

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 24)

by women, and women don't have those desires themselves.

JODY: That comes definitely from their own insecurities because women are sexually advanced . . . it's obvious. I've noticed in a study of audiences, mixed, any age, I don't care where . . . the ones who get uptight and embarrassed first are *men*. Women just seem to handle it better.

MARGO: Women are taught to be more accepting, men are taught to protect good women from filthy language. That's how they use sexuality to intimidate women, to divide us. Walking down the street when the construction man makes a remark about your body that's supposed to be a compliment . . . but if you holler out the window at a man, if he's jogging, he'll blush and blush.

JODY: Do you think that if prostitution is decriminalized it will cut down on business—because some men will miss the adventure of getting away with something?

MARGO: It doesn't have to be bad to be good, that's been proven over and over in the countries where it has been decriminalized. This is the last country in the world where this prohibition exists. Some of the women fear that a lot of other women will come into the business if they take away the laws but that's not true, either. It is the economy of the country that determines how many women hit the street. I've been all over the world in the past few months and times are really tough. The prostitutes are making less money, but not that much less compared to other businesses. In bad times a customer might give up the fancy dinners but the last thing he'll give up is his sexual indulgences.

JODY: I've heard that Xaviera Hollander has had a great effect upon your movement—indirectly.

MARGO: She brought up the subject, opening up a whole Pandora's box. She hasn't been too political, but she'd like us to mention that her deportation is discrimination against her as a prostitute and I agree with that. She has made some dough off her books—I would like to see her make some political contributions.

JODY: Tell me about your "Traveling Hooker Show."

MARGO: Vaugh Meader and other friends of C.O.Y.O.T.E. play various famous people as they really were . . . sex life and all. I want hookers to speak out about famous men they've had.

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Punk Groupie

(Continued from page 69)

has retired from her former all-star career. She has some red-hot memories, though.

CHERI: What is a groupie, anyway?

SUZETTE: It's what I *was*—not what I am *now*. Mostly a groupie is a girl who's into hanging around a band and getting to know them. But there's all kinds. Some just want to sleep with them and others are really into finding out about the guys—what they're like, where their heads are at. It depends on the girl.

CHERI: But a groupie, as you could say, is a girl who's come there to fuck.

SUZETTE: Yeah, I'd say so. But that's too simple. Every girl has a different approach to the scene.

CHERI: What's yours?

SUZETTE: When I started out it was the bands—meeting all the guys and fucking them, just that. But then I really wanted to know about their heads, so it went beyond that . . .

CHERI: Did you ever make it with anybody really big?

SUZETTE: Oh yeah! But I'm not namin' names. I might drop a few hints, though. Anyway, I started out with the Long Island bands—they were big, but only if you were in Long Island, y'know? But I was young and I thought it was far out.

CHERI: When did you realize you were sexually attracted to musicians?

SUZETTE: All my life is when. I just didn't know how to go about it until I was fifteen. I love rock, I love everything about it. Heavy metal rock & roll—none of this disco crap. What's in style now for New York bands, what they call punk. Some bands don't like that label—but there it is. New York City music is where I'm at, the underground bands.

CHERI: But only one guy, at the moment.

SUZETTE: Definitely. I don't need that other stuff—I've hung out with a lot of groups, so I know where I find something real. Of all of them, he's my favorite. And how could I be with him and then be with anyone else? It would never work.

CHERI: What's he got, exactly? You can tell us.

SUZETTE: Well, I'm strange, and he's strange—and we're into the same type stuff. It's really good.

CHERI: How did you, as they say, connect?

SUZETTE: At first it was a sexual thing. That band was so beautiful and wild and punky and far out. But at the same time, the guys were so nice and sweet and gentle, you had to love them.

CHERI: They're very hot now. But so many city bands put out one album, and then explode, lose it

SUZETTE: They won't! They're too real. I mean, sure at first it was just a groupie thing. The first thing I thought when I saw him was, I gotta get that guy. But I was crafty . . . I waited. Finally after one of the shows I told one of the roadies I wanted to talk to him. I said, 'Just tell him I'm the girl who was standing right in front.' The roadie came back in five minutes and told me, 'He says to hang out—he'll be right here.'

As we were talking, it hit me—this guy is great! We rapped about so many things. We didn't even fuck that first time. I realized I didn't want to be with him for just one night—I wanted to be with him all the time. I even liked him so much it wouldn't matter if he was in any band at all!

CHERI: But before this, you wouldn't touch a guy who wasn't a musician . . .

SUZETTE: Oh,yeah. Well it's because of how I feel about music, the whole scene: the roadies, the equipment, the photographers, the reporters, the excitement—I love the whole thing. And when you feel like that and you make it with a guy who's into it—especially if he's big—it's the best.

CHERI: What does it take to be a class groupie? What makes you think you're gonna get there ahead of all the other girls?

SUZETTE: First of all, style. You've gotta be halfway good-looking—*and* you've gotta have a lot of nerve. Like I'll hop into a limo with a great group. I tried to hop in the one for *Kiss*, but the cops heaved me aside. Still, it's an honor to be thrown out of a *Kiss* limo.

CHERI: Yeah, but there are lots of other girls who want in, too.

SUZETTE: I don't have anything to worry about—you could say I'm confident. I can get anybody I want *when* I want.

CHERI: Why is that, exactly?

SUZETTE: It's just a feeling. A lot of it is the way I look. Lots of people come up to me and say, Hey, you're really foxy. After you hear that for years, you know you're okay. And then of course a lot is sexual technique . . .

CHERI: Tell us everything.

SUZETTE: Uh-uh, no names!

CHERI: Okay, tell us about the first band you actually made it with.

SUZETTE: I was sixteen. They were one of the decadent groups. I went to one of their shows and pulled my typical stunt, snuck backstage. One of them started talking to me, and they put me in a limo and we went to a party and had a dynamite time. After we'd been there a while he took me into another room. We were both kinda wasted, but he was great!

CHERI: Are most musicians good fucks? Okay? Lousy?

SUZETTE: Are you kidding? Most guys are lousy fucks.

CHERI: You'd think with all that free sex, they'd be more into it.

SUZETTE: Some are. But some just don't have that much sex. Like, they'll just be into publicity, fame, that trip. And for good sex, you gotta be *real*. Lots of times fuckin' a musician is just like fuckin' a statue. Some of 'em just won't get into it. What I like is, when I'm in bed with a guy, I want him to show some response. Some emotion—not just lay there like a bump on a log. I *love* it when he gets into it! When he shows me he likes it that makes me get into it more. When I used to be into my sex trip, a lotta guys just wouldn't feel anything.

CHERI: But you must have gotten some feedback, for the confidence you've got . . .

SUZETTE: Yeah, there were the good ones. Guys who told me, 'Oh, you suck so good—you're the best!' Not some jerk who'd lay there while I'm sucking his cock. I know he likes it, but he just won't communicate. And that turns me off so fast.

CHERI: What else does?

SUZETTE: What else? If a guy is ugly.

CHERI: But, then you wouldn't ball him in the first place.

SUZETTE: Nah.

CHERI: When did you get into sincere cocksucking?

SUZETTE: When I found out I *liked* it. The only part I hated was when I couldn't tell if the guy liked it or not.

CHERI: Are they generally nice to you afterwards?

SUZETTE: Some might as well have been dead—they'd just lay there. Others tell me nice things about myself, how beautiful I am, how much they liked it. Musicians I guess are just like everyone else—some of 'em are okay, and some are snots.

guy's gotta think of *me*, too. He's gotta expect that if he's gonna ball me, he'd better have some idea of what I want, too.

CHERI: Which is?

SUZETTE: A lot of foreplay. Kissing—I like that a lot. Wow! Kissing a guy I like gets me hotter than anything. But a lot of guys don't know how to kiss. A lot of them don't know how to do *anything*.

CHERI: Do you like to be kissed all over?

SUZETTE: Not especially. I'd rather go down on *him*. The thing I like best is being fucked. Especially by a guy I'm in love with.

CHERI: If you're not happy do you say things like, 'Your album was outrageous but you're a lousy lay'?

SUZETTE: Not too often. The majority of them are nice. All right guys, good in bed, considerate. But there are the ones who are so wasted they just want to ball me and go home and go to sleep. They don't care if I come or not. There was one guy I remember. He kissed me once and said, 'Okay, let's fuck.' This was in a meadow out on Long Island. He put it in me and came and pulled up his pants. I looked at him and told him, 'You're not real. And you don't know how to fuck!' That's the worst thing I've ever said to a guy.

CHERI: How do you feel about being with a guy who just wants you to give him head? Is that an insult?

SUZETTE: It depends on the guy and the state he's in. If he's really blown out but you want to fuck, sometimes it's the only way. I'm happy to give him what he wants. I don't mind that.

CHERI: Drugs make a lot of musicians sexual disasters, I think.

SUZETTE: Yeah, that'll do it. It also make them really snots, a lot of them. To have great sex you gotta let your feelings go, and drugs kill feeling. The feelings have to flow back and forth before the sex gets beautiful. But you know a lot of the city bands aren't into drugs at all. That era is over, that's out. The guys might smoke a little and drink beer. Drugs are bad for their playing. It's as simple as that.

CHERI: Where do you get all your power from? This city is full of gorgeous foxes with good mouths.

SUZETTE: I don't feel I have power, exactly. Just that I can do or get anything I want. I've always been into witchcraft, sorcery, the occult. That's the main part of my personality, and ever since I was a little girl I've had this . . . *energy* within myself. I started writing poetry about death, graves, witches' covens

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Whether you use these on yourself or a friend, male or female, you'll get some fast acting results. Can be mixed in liquid especially at bars, nightclubs and private parties.
Just the right item to make a hot party even hotter, whether it be a large gathering at a club or a small intimate gathering at home. Orgy Pills will add life to any party.

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		TOTAL	

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Address __________
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THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 64)

One of these establishments is well-known among the girls for not wanting to pay on payday. The owners of it hate to part with their money so badly that they usually get drunk every payday and complain bitterly that the girls are walking out with all their money. Entirely forgotten are the thousands of dollars worth of champagne the customers bought for the girls.

I had to picket the place one afternoon in order to get my pay. I wore a sign in front of me saying, "My rent is due." A couple of shoestrings over my shoulder connected it to a sign in back of me saying, "Won't pay on payday," and I carried a sign over my head saying on both sides of it, "My pussy has to eat, too." "Pussy," and "eat," were much larger than the rest of the sign.

The owner called the police, claiming I was blocking his doorway. The policeman tried to keep from laughing as he told me not to block the doorway, and to keep moving back and forth within twenty feet in either direction of the place, and to stop shouting.

I had been shouting that they fed their dog filet mignon and gave their dog imported scotch to drink, but they wouldn't give me my pay so I can buy milk for my cats, and my pussycats have to eat, too!

People were laughing like crazy and I almost caused a traffic jam as truck drivers and buses full of people and people in cars were watching me instead of the traffic lights. Some guys even got out of their cars and took out their billfolds, saying they would pay my rent if I let them eat my pussy. Often women were in the car with them, and laughed like crazy. I wore my blond wig, black stockings and garter belt, high heels, short mini-skirt and low-cut blouse. Some people thought I was a streetwalker trying to get money for letting them eat my pussy. The signs *were* a bit confusing.

The owners have a darling French poodle who sits at the bar and drinks out of a beer mug. He also sits at their table each night as they have their dinner, watching every bite they take, and growls whenever one of them reaches across the table for anything. One customer went over there and took a piece of meat off the owner's plate and gave it to the dog. He was a big spender, so they didn't throw him out.

The police talked the owner into giving me my pay. Wes Sargensen from ABC-TV News was talking to me about putting it on TV that night, but after the owner gave my pay to me, I quietly went home and the entire event managed to escape the press.

I'm not very good at getting champagne out of the customers, and about the only time I work Washington anymore is if some girl doesn't show up at the Plaza BurlesqueTheater, and they call me in to replace her. The management likes to have new faces at the theater as much as possible, but I'm always delighted when the customers tell me they are glad to see me again. I go out of town once a month doing my Honeysuckle act, and rest up in my Washington apartment otherwise.

The shows are very mild in the nightclubs, but at the Plaza Theater the girls take it all off and spread their legs, since the theater doesn't have a liquor license to worry about. I drag a black stocking across my puss, while popping my puss, causing air to come out of it, making the stocking jump, but we aren't allowed to insert anything in the puss—not even a finger.

Russell, a customer from Daisey, Tennessee, recognized me—even though I look much different without my blond wig. I had seen him before in New York at the Roxy Theater, and asked him how he recognized me. He said, "How could anyone forget that face!?" I replied, "God! I never knew I was *that* ugly!" Another customer asked if I could do any Honeysuckle tricks. I told him I *am* Honeysuckle, but since the Plaza Theater is only about two blocks from the White House I have to cool it. I use the name "Angie Baby" at the theater since I can't do my Honeysuckle act, and don't want to disappoint people by using my name and not giving the performance they expect from that name.

The police are very strict in Washington. I even got a $5 ticket from Officer Joseph Woody for walking across the street on a "Don't Walk" sign. I noticed several other people were getting tickets, too. I guess the money will help pay for the new "Don't Walk" signs I was admiring just before I got the ticket.

Politics is a subject seldom discussed in the burlesque establishments. The favorite topic of conversation is—you guessed it—SEX. The long-time professional strippers are experts at conversation. They are very polished ladies, well-read, intelligent, soft-spoken, well-mannered, well-dressed, and go to all the high-class restaurants in town, often appearing to be high society ladies. They are excellent judges of character, and have many satisfied customers returning to them year after year.

One regular customer, who is a well-known senator, enjoys crawling naked on the floor with a dog harness and a muzzle on. He has an orgasm when a beautiful girl in a negligee tosses him a dog biscuit.

A very famous surgeon goes through an elaborate routine wherein he says he is the director of a funeral home and arranges for a girl to meet him there, saying he has to lock up at that time, and then they can go elsewhere. When she walks through the door, a green light shines on a coffin that slowly opens, and the famous surgeon crawls out in the nude, complete with embalming make-up on. I guess he gets his kicks from hearing the girl scream and seeing the frightened look on her face just before she runs out of there.

A famous congressman likes to pretend he is a "go-go" boy. He invites girls over to watch him dance nude with rouge on his nipples, and on his cock. The girls are instructed to stare intently at his cock and make complimentary remarks about how magnificent it is.

A well-known ambassador, famous for his lavish parties, enjoys making love to a girl while he wears a polar bear costume. He puts on expensive sheer black panties, bra, garter belt, and black stockings under his polar bear costume. When he appears in public for formal wear, under his suit he wears a sheer pink bra and pink panties trimmed in lace—with an open crotch.

It seems a lot of men love to act out their fantasies, and a clever woman always knows how to handle the situation. Many of the strippers in Washington have worked there at least twelve years, that I know of. There is little demand for new faces. The theaters change shows almost every week, but the men prefer their favorites in the nightclubs and show their appreciation by buying magnums of champagne night after night. It's nothing for a man to spend $2,000 on champagne in a matter of hours. He usually sits with two or three girls together and feels as if he is king for the night. The girls know how to flatter and charm a man, and, they give him their complete attention.

On the other hand, if the man is a masochist and wants to be humiliated—and perhaps have the spike heel of a shoe driven into the hole in his penis—that can be accomplished, too, in a nice cozy corner.

I have sat in on many parties with these skillful Washington strippers. In one of these, a stripper was getting hundreds of dollars worth of champagne out of a guy by telling him she is the reincarnation of Hitler's mistress, Eva Von Braun. She said she has a charm school where she teaches girls how to seduce a Fuhrer. The first step, of course, is to beat him with a whip.

She told the guy she and I were roommates and I was her slave. I had to have sex with my man she ordered me to have sex with. She also whipped me every night with her whip. The guy asked, "Can I whip her, too?" Yes, of course he could. We were all going to have a party together after work. We would meet him at the drugstore. He said if we stood him up, he would be back the next night and cause us a lot of trouble.

I nervously whispered to the girl that I was afraid to go along with it, and was she really going to meet him after work? She laughed and said he is a regular customer, and enjoys getting stood up. She said he will be back again in a few months and go through the entire routine again.

During part of her act, she makes it look as if she is fucking the heel of her shoe. Everyone asks if the shoe really goes into her pussy, but she says it is her secret act. She does a wild scene with a stuffed camel which has a big hump on it, provocative tongue, and a tail that sometimes looks as if it goes into the pussy, too.

It all seems as if the men are really little boys who play weirdo sex games with strippers, instead of playing cowboys and Indians. It is amazing how many of them would rather *talk* about sex than *have* sex.

I sat in a cozy corner in a Washington establishment with a charming middle-aged man who spent $2,000 on me and another stripper; I listened to her saying she was going to let him watch her eat my pussy after work at our apartment. The men *love* to hear the lesbian line. Of course we told him we were roommates, even though we hardly knew each other.

I reached over to massage the customer's cock, but he wouldn't let me touch it. He said he didn't want it to go off and spoil his fun. He was all talk and no action.

I felt a bit guilty, as I knew we weren't going to meet him later, and since he said he was from New York I said I'd call him the next time I was there. I saw the name on his credit card as he signed his numerous bills, and it corresponded with the telephone number he gave me.

A few days later I called the number, but the guy whose name he used didn't know anything about me. I wasn't surprised. He must have been using a friend's credit card and identification, because I recognized him and knew he wasn't whom he said he was. In fact, he is one of the most famous writers of our time, who is well-known for his big spending ways and love of "booze and broads." I have a strange feeling he stood me up. Sometimes a girl thinks she is turning a trick, but the *man* is the one turning the trick, instead.

Of course, some men *do* want to get laid. I remember going to bed with a Chicago policeman and a Detroit policeman during a police convention in Washington. I discovered they were both fans of mine, and had read my diary many times in *Screw*. They bought a couple of bottles of champagne but—too bad—weren't big spenders. Ironically, the one- or two-bottle man wants to get laid, but the big spenders usually just want to talk about it. And that's how life goes in Washington, D.C., fans and lovers. Till next time!

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 71)

JODY: Have you encouraged porn actresses to join and participate in C.O.Y.O.T.E?

MARGO: Oh yes . . . we've had several; it's a natural affiliation. These women are really treated like whores most of the time.

JODY: That's true. I've been lucky because I do only what I want to do. I don't work with any man I don't want to and that's all agreed on ahead of time. I know a lot of my friends do get pushed around and abused by people involved in the business. Would you be willing to make a movie?

MARGO: I'm not willing to do hard-core. I'm interested in humor and would like to put on a crazy, hooker Our Gang type of show.

JODY: I hope you get to see my film "Portrait" sometime. A psychiatrist and a woman with multiple personalities . . . but you never see the men except for their cocks. Damiano filmed them as *objects*. My third personality was as a hooker, but the way he had me portray her . . . when I first read the lines I broke down and cried. She led such a sad life, she was such a loser . . .

MARGO: But even though the men were objects to you, your character was that of a poor, ridiculed woman . . .

MARGO: I've been asked to be technical advisor or a number of films.

JODY: I'm amazed at how busy C.O.Y.O.T.E. is keeping you. It's a sure sign that an organization like yours is really necessary.

MARGO: All we want is for prostitution to be recognized as a service occupation. Women have got to be allowed to walk down the streets and converse freely with whomever without the fear of being thrown in jail. It's important that we get together and work for true freedom for all.

JULIE BENSON

(Continued from page 20)

PW: How long have you been practicing for our contest?

JB: Oh . . . 31 years.

PW: You must have some amazing techniques to describe in salaciously sleazy detail.

JB: The main thing is, I like to get into a scene that's special for the person himself. I like to really get to know the person and see what he likes. You know, not every guy likes it the same way.

PW: You think that's what's gonna win this contest for you?

JB: Well, when my husband pointed out the contest to me, in your magazine, he said, "You've got the time . . . and you've got the talent."

PW: Have you always considered yourself a superior cocksucker?

JB: Not until my husband told me I was. I used to think I was terrible—my ex-husband *hated* it! He never liked anything other than the missionary style. And that maybe every two months. Since then I've gotten into a whole lot of new stuff.

PW: Glad to hear it. When was your first experience sucking cock?

JB: I think I was fifteen. It happened in the back seat of a car, and it turned me on! I loved it! But I kept getting involved with guys who weren't really *involved* in sex, and *they* didn't like it. They were shocked!

PW: Well, a highschool cocksucker! Some guys must have been afraid of your enthusiasm.

JB: Yeah, some of them were afraid I was gonna bite it off! But every guy is an individual, like some you hafta let go of it right away when they come and others you keep on fondling, play along . . . .

PW: How many cocks do you think you've sucked altogether?

JB: If I had to put a number on it . . . maybe a hundred.

PW: And back in Norfolk, they consider you a good girl.

JB: Oh yes, they'd never believe I was trying out for this contest. I'm a member of so many community and civic organizations.

PW: Now describe in detail exactly what went on in the back seat of that car.

JB: Okay, the petting was getting heavy. I remember I had most of my clothes off and he started lickin' me. It seemed like a natural thing to turn around and do him . . . . and he loved it! Then the couple in the front.

PW: What? Were they watching you?

JB: They were sucking away, only it wasn't their first time. They were older. In fact, later on, I did the other guy a little . . .

PW: Wow! And that was high school! Did that usually happen to you, when you were with another couple?

JB: No . . . not usually. But the couple we were with that night were into a swinging scene . . . total communication.

PW: But this was your first time . . . weren't you uptight?

JB: No, because I felt safe with these people. And I was enjoying what I was doing. Just like a swinging situation doesn't bother me now. Going back and forth between guys and girls, the whole thing.

PW: Tell me more about how your lifestyle has changed in the last three years . . . since your divorce.

JB: From being a dowdy housewife, a real stick-in-the-mud—well, I just blossomed. I knew my new husband had had a great deal of sexual experience, although our swinging only started last year.

PW: Now between the time you were fifteen and this last year, were there times when you were with more than one man?

JB: Oh yes—a lot!

PW: A lot?

JB: Well I told you I had a stick-in-the-mud husband—and a hot pussy that needed something else. One girlfriend got me involved with her guy, and he had other friends. Then she chickened out, so I had to take on the three of them. I mean you can't just let them walk around with it sticking out.

PW: So how long did this go on?

JB: Oh . . . about a year . . . and a half.

PW: Three guys? For a year? And a half?

JB: Yeah. You know, I'd usually go over to one of their places . . . and they'd be waiting. That was my first marriage. Now in the second marriage, it's sharing. Swinging is not swapping, it's a sharing situation. Although we've met some people who just wanted to swap.

PW: In your swinging, do you ever find that the men get into the men as well as the women getting into the women?

JB: Not usually. Now there is one guy who's a bachelor, that we swing with very regularly. And he's been in some male-to-male exchanges.

PW: But in these sessions, you're expected to make love with other *women*.

JB: Not expected. If it works out that way and they're willing. Of course *I'm* willing.

PW: Yeah. How many men do you think you've sucked off at once?

JB: Meaning, in one evening?

PW: Whatever unit of measurement you prefer.

JB: Gee. On one of my rowdy trips into the city . . . . I'd say ten, twelve guys a night.

PW: That's rowdy all right.

JB: You know when you get into this head—you just wanna be sex star for a night. . . .

PW: Yeah but how do you arrange this?

JB: Are you kidding? In a city like Norfolk . . . with all those footloose sailors running a-

round? You just go into a bar.
PW: And what do you say?
JB: Oh you don't say too much. You just slide in close to the guy and grab his cock. You can tell by the "reaction" whether or not you can get something goin'. There was this one night when I went to pick up guys, and they were *all* willing. I had an apartment very close to the bar, where I lived with a girlfriend. Secretly, out of our pocket money, so that if we wanted to use it . . . . I brought them up, one at a time, starting around nine o'clock.
PW: How long does it take to do ten guys this way?
JB: Well, ya know, some go very fast.
PW: Did you suck them all off, or fuck too, or what?
JB: Three I fucked.
PW: How did you decide which ones to fuck.
JB: Well, once I'd sucked 'em off, they were ready for more. You know that's the biggest turn-on to a woman . . . when she gets a guy so hot he's erect again fast, you *know* you're doin' somethin' right.
PW: Yes. What's your favorite position for all this?
JB: Position depends on the situation. I've found it's psychologically *very good* if the guy's standing up and I'm kneeling in front of him, if I'm just there to give pleasure to him. Otherwise, just any position we happen to fall into. But men do like to be *dominant.* That's why I get on my knees in front of them.
PW: And swallow.
JB: Yeah, I swallow. I mean, like for all my life . . . it's never turned me off.
PW: Do you talk to your girlfriends about these scenes? Compare notes?
JB: Oh yeah, If you give a guy a short-arm inspection and he doesn't pass, you have to forewarn a friend. And then there's the guys who can't control themselves, and they get too rough. Violence is *out.*
PW: What do you consider too rough?
JB: Oh, say a guy in hung to fourteen inches or so—and deep throat is not my style. He could strangle me! And there's a lot of other things you could do with a cock. Don't choke *me*, man—don't hold the back of my head.
PW: What are the most unusual circumstances you've ever had sex in?
JB: Let's see . . . going down on a guy while we were going down the freeway, I guess. There was a string of truck drivers watching. After a while we were completely surrounded by these huge trucks, and the drivers were all applauding!
PW: Do you get off on that kind of exhibitionism?
JB: Well . . . I'm not an inhibited person. But I wouldn't want to do it in Times Square.
PW: Do you find you have a lot of non-repeaters?
JB: Yes—by my choice. This is one of the problems with our swinging. You know how things circulate in a group and I guess I get a kind of reputation—so that all a guy wants is a blow-job. And I'll get bogged down. You know a girl needs a stiff cock once in a while, too!
PW: Do you ever go to the movies?
JB: Oh yes . ,. maybe once or twice a month. We go to the Triple-X features. I can't remember the names, exactly, but some of them have really good plot lines, love stories—not just fuck films. The kind of sex my husband and I have—with tenderness. Anything to do with violence is an absolute turn-off, to us.
PW: Have you ever watched another woman giving head to him?
JB: Oh, many times. Every one has a technique of her own. Quite frankly, my husband's been with some who were fantastic.
PW: Did he ever say one was better than you?
JB: No . . . never. We always compare notes after a swinging night. You know when you get home you collapse into bed but you're still horny—so you fuck again. Then you sit back and have a drink and talk about what the evening's brought about. What you liked, what you didn't like—and that's how you improve *your* love life.You find that even the bummer experiences teach you something. Like this one woman—we found out later she had false teeth. She didn't realize how much pressure she was putting on him. But I think his poor cock was sore for a week! She talked like she was experienced—but you'd think she would have learned that a long time ago. . . .
PW: So describe your award-winning techniques for us.
JB: Okay. First of all, get to know him a little bit. By experimenting with hand motion, lip motion, tongue motion . . . teasing . . . you can feel when a man is stimulated and aroused. Now when I start out a session with my *husband*, I keep him with his face down on the bed and lick him all over his back, all around. Then I rub my pussy over his behind. Then I get down between his legs . . . by this time his erection is so thick he can't stay on his stomach any more. Then I work with him from the balls up. Keep on playing with him, licking him everywhere . . . and then get down to it. There have been times, before we were married, when he was very aroused and he needed to get off quick. Then I'd take him into the bedroom and just strip his pants down in front of me and suck. . . . Listen. Can I ask *you* a question?
PW: . . . uh?. . . .
JB: Do you find this arousing?
PW: . . . yeah.
JB: I mean, do you walk around horny all the time?
PW: I usually . . . take very good care of myself. What do you think I would like?
JB: Gee, I dunno. I'd really have to feel it to know.
PW: Well, okay . . . but only in the name of investigative journalism, sugar. When you're a hotshot editor like me, you heed only the clarion call to duty. Shootings, interviews, checking proofs, keeping my staff of meth-brained kangaroos out of the nearest bars, writing cover lines, lineup . . . layouts . . . don't . . . stop. . . .

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

(Continued from page 26)

cowering beneath it.

It was raining when we pulled out of The Stables, him in his Alfa Romeo and I in my Volkswagen. Being out of his presence restored my natural irritation with the whole situation. I mean, for Chrissakes, forced to drink scotch, eat raw steak and now commanded to drive my own car and to follow him to God knows where. It would serve him right if I just lost him. Irritated or not, I didn't lose him, I stayed right behind him all the way, to where I still don't know. I was beginning to think this was all a dream. I was also beginning to understand his dominating attitude. I mistakenly held the belief that S/M and B/D were totally physical trips and while they are definitely physical, they are also very mental. Mr. Darwin had started his instruction the minute I walked into that restaurant. This was all preparation for the grand finale and with that revelation, I parked my VW.

He was shirtless when I walked into the house. Not giving me a comment on his lovely home he steered me into a room devoid of furniture except for a large foam rubber pad in the middle of the floor and various strange-looking instruments. It reminded me of the Weatherby Arms Museum over by Astroworld. He began speaking to me in a calm, even kind voice, explaining the equipment scattered about the room, reassuring me but also warning me that he would not stop at my whimpering. He sounded like he was getting ready to really lay it on heavy. It was at this point I repeated my ad to him. *Moderate*. Remember? No silver-studded twelve-inch dildos up my ass. I don't want to go home looking like a barber pole. Knives and leg-stretchers are out of the question. This incurred more explanations from him, more reassurances and more warnings. What the hell. Let's get this on the road.

After ordering me to remove all my clothes, he dragged me across the room to the foam rubber pad. And so began my introduction to moderate S/M. I hardly had time to look around the room when I found myself suddenly three feet off the floor hanging by my wrist. Mr. Darwin circling me like a prospective buyer at a livestock show, flicking his whip in the air but not striking me with it . . . yet. I had hoped we could have started out without the whips, but it was a little late for that. The thought of being whipped is always a little frightening to me. Like I'm afraid that they won't stop if it gets to be too heavy. My arms were beginning to ache from holding my weight and my mind was beginning to think I had made a big mistake. It was at this point Mr. Darwin began to whip me in earnest. Over my pleas I could hear his raspy breathing and curses. Calling me an ungrateful cunt, accusing me of unthought-of crimes. What can I say? It hurt like hell and my arms felt as if they were going to rip off my shoulders, but I could also feel a glow being kindled inside me. It wasn't really that bad. I mean if you look at it from the view of pain it hurts—but I could see another view too: forbidden pleasures.

I was in tears when he finally lowered me to the pad, none-too-gently, either. I was ready to fuck. *Now.* It's funny to look back on it and hear myself pleading with this man to ball me. But the fucking didn't come until much later. He had many more little tricks to act out before he felt I was ready for his dick. Some I didn't like. I especially didn't like being whipped with a riding crop. It wasn't like the whip. It was more like being beaten with needles. One thing

(Continued on page 78)

WATER & POWER

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MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

(Continued from page 76)

I found really exciting was his use of dildos. I have never had much experience with them and only a time or two have I been fucked in the ass and always against my will. But this was different. He untied my hands and ordered me to get on all fours like a dog and began to fondle my pussy while he massaged my asshole. I began to feel really relaxed and excited. So relaxed and excited that I hardly felt the dildo he inserted in place of his finger. Normally I would have screamed bloody murder but the massaging of my clitoris relaxed me so that I didn't tense up when he slipped it in. He fastened the dildo to a leather belt he had put around my waist and left it there the rest of the evening.

The most unusual occurrence of the evening, to me, was that Mr. Darwin only got off when he was whipping me and then only when I was screaming my head off. After thinking about it and thinking about all the equipment he had in his little den of pleasure, I realized that this must have been quite a let-down for him. He was probably used to really having a slave. Someone totally into the whole scene. As for myself, I have incorporated the use of a dildo and spankings in my sexual affairs, but you can take your nipple clamps and your leather bondage straps and your riding crops and save them for a braver woman than me!

GLORIA KING

(Continued from page 22)

something?

GK: I was just . . . you know . . . out with this guy and we were in the back seat of his car, and he went down on me. Then all of a sudden he pushes my head into his crotch.

PW: And you were *eleven years old*?

GK: Yeah . . . maybe twelve, at the outside. I didn't know what to do. But in those first few years, I learned fast. I got *very* good.

PW: How many cocks do you think you've sucked since then?

GK: Geeze, I couldn't count 'em. A lot, though. I'd say . . . roughly . . . thirty thousand. (Delighted editor laughs like insane jackal)

PW: Even when you were that young?

GK: No, not too many *then*. I stayed with that guy who was the first for about a year. Then I really started moving out, getting into sex. . . .

PW: How old was he?

GK: I think nineteen . . . twenty. But things had already started happening. Like, believe it or not, the first guy who tried to *fuck* me was *22*—my sister's boyfriend! We were out in the woods alone and he pulled out this enormous cock. But *no way*.

PW: What made him think he could do this to an eleven year old Did you have tits?

GK: Very small. I guess he just had this thing for young girls.

PW: What did your sister think about all this?

GK: She doesn't know . . . to this day. I was really the only one around to get into sex so early. When I was like, thirteen, fourteen, sometimes I'd fuck three or four times a day. Then I got involved with an older guy, nineteen, and the sex was fantastic. We got engaged, the whole bit.

PW: Wait a minute. Didn't you have any inhibitions at all, when that first guy pushed your head down in the back seat?

GK: I was just embarrassed. I was thinking, Now, how do I do this right? I had no idea. So I started suckin' it like an ice cream cone. It's just that I didn't

(Continued on page 87)

BAD BIKER L.A.

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On his ankle or knee
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Numbers seven and eight
involve dressing your date
Like a gigantic elephant prick.

Number nine score your ma-in-law's nookie
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And when it's all over
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THE GIRL FROM STILETTO

(Continued from page 59)

heavy. The competition trip—who can handle it? I had to move out, but we got together again after the birth.

Eric was irresistible. He had so many talents, he made a movie called "Lonesome Cowboy" that's still playing around and he had a group called The Magic Tramps. Everybody loved him. And he loved kids. It's just that until we had one he never really experienced being a father, because the relationship always blew up before long. Maybe he'd get to see them once or twice.

We had the strangest love relationship—it lasted for eight years. Even when we didn't live together there was so much strong affection . . . I wrote a song about him and there's one line where he tells me, "If you wanna keep me, you gotta get loose . . ." That was Eric. Then I lived with Syl, the rhythm guitar player from the original New York Dolls. There was all this heavy creativity around, and all the guys were really getting their acts together and I thought—Why not me?

ON LIFE AS A PERFORMER: In school I realized that the *process* was the art—not the product. I'd wanted to be a painter, and I'd designed a lot of clothes and had a lot of freaky jobs but I knew I really had something more to say. One day Holly Woodlawn, from Andy Warhol's group, was running around the house drunk yelling, "Let's be back-up singers!" I thought, What else am I gonna do with my life? So we started singing. Walter, now my bass player, invited us down to the studio and we were so bad we realized we had to rehearse, rehearse. We got a few gigs—and then exploded. We were all so poor, and nobody had any musical experience.

We were all trying everything. I did a play with Patti Smith, Wayne County, Jackie Curtis and Tommy from the Miamis. That was the night I found out I was pregnant. It was my first dramatic attempt and there were all these professionals and mad drag queens running around—what was a girl to do? But people were very compassionate.

I kept going. Stilletto actually started three years ago, with me and Blondie and Rosie Ross. It didn't last because we didn't have the money to keep it together. But then we got it back together again and played at CBGB's, down on the Bowery, when it was just starting to get hot—and Max's Kansas City, just before it fell apart. I even made a film, with Bob Downey, at the Bottom Line. I realized I couldn't read music, but I had this presence—I could really put across. And I wanted to perform, that was all I wanted to do. But I'd had a lot of tragedies and I was doing things like crying in the street. My friends were wonderful. People like DeeDee from the Ramones would say, "Look, come on, I'll help you with your band . . . just keep it together. I started loosening up. I couldn't take life to heart so much.

ON SCREEN SEX: A friend convinced me to make porno films. I thought I really believed in it. I really got loose for a while and I loved working with Marc Stevens and Jamie Gillis. But the people in that business really put forth the wrong philosophy. The money people—you could die from them. I feel I have a pure sexual attitude and I didn't want that attitude rubbing off on me.

These photos for CHERI were a special performance—I don't do that on stage. See-through clothes, yes. There's a lot of feedback between the rock scene and the sex scene now but the best people are in rock. I can't stay in a situation that's perverse—and if that's a luxury, well, it's a luxury nobody I know will let go. I could never get back into films. Their heads just aren't in the right place.

Before I was even sure what sexuality was I wanted to stage private performances of Von Bayros' tableaus. He was an 18th century erotic artist, very into women in incredible tons of lace petticoats just laying there with their legs open and their parasols open and maybe two bulldogs asleep at their feet. Nothing raunchy, she'd just be touching her cunt. That really appealed to me, the idea of classic erotic presentations. Maybe suggestive Modiglianis, too.

ON ROCK SEX: Our band is six months old now. We may be shocking in *concept*, but we're not pornographic. When the boys do their instrumental breaks I don't just stand there and dance around or wiggle my ass. Maybe I'll strip. I start off in that old gorilla coat of Holly's that's in a million pieces . . . I throw that off . . . then maybe my hot pants, but I'm never exposed. I just put forth a lot of energy. I lick the bottoms of their guitars—from behind it might look like I'm sucking them off. Or else Leon attacks me and puts the guitar in my crotch and you get the impression I'm gonna be gang-banged right there on the stage. I'm light, and it's very easy for them to throw me around . . . I'm there to turn them on so we all turn the audience on. But this is shocking? In the New York rock scene?

ON VERY KINKY SEX: In performing, I had to learn not to cross certain lines, in terms of taste. I guess that happens in any trip with a sexual context. I was using words like Fuck and Shit—I don't need them any more. I'm not a vulgar person, and I can get down in other ways.

The thing is to sense my audience. If I think there's a sour area out there where the message isn't going over, I'll play to it. I'll go out to their table and drag the spotlight with me. I always give extra up vibes to bring them in. My songs are about modern love situations that are *real*—the ones nobody talks about. A visual comedy set to music. Like in "Give Me Back My Pink Stillettos" where I watch my man go into the bathroom and put on my dress. I wind up telling him,"Hey, I dig it, but if you wanna stay with me you can't take my shoes, too". I'm really saying to anyone who's *in* that sexual situation—give *more*

ON VERY KINKY ROLE MODELS: I love The Ramones. And, of course, The Stones. You know they sent me up to their record company to audition for the S&M promotion on their album, "Black & Blue." I was very excited and they all loved me, but nobody could make up his mind. They did one shooting with another girl, and they had to scrap it. Then they had to do an entire new one, and the publicity came out after the album. Now if they'd chosen me in the *first* place. . . .

WHAT IT ALL MEANS: I'll admit I am an idealist and I very definitely have something to say. My philosophy has solidified. For years it used to drag my head, feeling so powerless. That's why I got into rock, to give my message to people, get them to feel it, and tell them"Look, I climbed out of my hole and you can, too."

You've gotta make your sexual scope stretch to an accessible attitude to let you react. I've been through everything, I've seen it all. Now I'm into a love trip with Shebo, my drummer and I don't even think about other scenes. I don't have to.

"Ooh, aah. . . . Don't shoot yet! . . . Ooh, aaaaaah!"

GLORIA KING

(Continued from page 78)

expect the whipped cream. . . .

PW: How did it taste?

GK: Not too good, the first time. But I did realize I didn't have anything to be embarrassed about. After a couple of years, sex was the only thing on my mind. I loved it—it was such a great feeling, ya know?

PW: I know, I know. Were you one of those high school honeys who gave head to get out of fucking a guy?

GK: No, I was into all of it. Foreplay, fooling around, little games and stuff. It always came down to giving head before . . . going to bed. I'd tease a guy until he was really up for it, then I'd suck. A lot of chicks can't get into it.

PW: Do you like letting other people watch?

GK: Yeah! Even though I'm young, I've been through a lot of . . . scenes. I have friends you call me up to do things for pay, even. Then I'll go down on a guy and there will be other guys and girls sitting around checking it out, getting off vicariously. It's an act. But I'm not *acting*—I get into it to give myself pleasure, and also the people who are paying for it. Then of course there are parties with friends, when everybody watches everybody else.

PW: Which would you rather do personally?

GK: It's really equal . . . I love to watch, I love to be watched. When I first realized people were watching me I was very nervous and self-conscious . . . but not for long.

PW: Do you get compliments afterwards?

GK: Oh yeah! I don't like to get into conversations about it, in a group—but between lovers, I can really get into it.

PW: Do you like talking dirty?

GK: When I'm making love I'll make comments, something sensual that fits the situation. But you know some guys get turned off by that. Then you don't talk —you just enjoy.

PW: When did you get into foursomes for pay, stuff like that?

GK: Not until I hit New York. You don't do those things in New Jersey. But once I was here I met some girls and they brought their boyfriends to meet me. I got into sex a little deeper and sometimes I got paid. Like, now I have some boyfriends, outrageous guys. Our trip will be to go to a bar and pick up another girl and go home. Or maybe I'll cruise by myself, just find a guy and take him home and let it all hang out. . . .

PW: Have you ever sucked a cock to get something you wanted, specifically? *Outside of the money?*

GK: Yeah, I'd say so. Some guys, when you take them home—- they won't do anything until *you* make the first move. So in order to get them to do what I want, I've gotta start things. I touch them, arouse them, and then I get what I'm after, sexually.

PW: Which is?

GK: Orgasms, plain old orgasms. I don't get them a lot. A few erotic scenes really drive me wild, but *I* can't do it. *They've* gotta do it.

PW: When you go down on these guys, what's your favorite position?

GK: If the guy is standing up—- or sitting down, or lying down and then if like he's fucking my mouth . . . and then I fuck him. I start off real gentle to arouse a guy, I'm a real tease . . . I get the guy to beg me, please! please! and then I really get into it.

PW: I understand you know Marc Stevens . . . you ever sucked his cock?

GK: No, I never have. We've known each other on and off a long time—but we've never had the chance to go out and enjoy ourselves and get together. I've just been with him at parties, a lot of people around. My girlfriend has though—Debbie Divine. She made the movie *Jewels.* She's a great cocksucker, too.

PW: It used to be a down term —we're trying to make it beautiful. Now Marc has these giant dimensions—10½"—have you ever encountered that before?

GK: Oh yeah, I've been through all the sizes. A big cock is nice to fuck, but for sucking—well, you really can't go that far unless you deep-throat him. So I'd say to satisfy him, maybe a little over average is good, 8" at the most.

PW: Now, my dear, why don't you describe for us the last blow job you gave. . . .

GK: Two days ago . . . he was a salami. We were out dancing, partying, having a good time and building up our sexual desire for each other. When we got home we started playing with each other, wrestling. Usually he goes down on me first and then stops, and I go down on him. We were lying on the bed, side by side. I'd move my mouth slowly around the top, just licking very gently. I start down on him but tight, keeping my mouth tight, exactly as if I was a very young girl, and he was gonna fuck me. In and out, back and forth, then down a little further and then I plunge down all the way, real hard. By this time he's screaming, really jumping around so I slow down again. . . .

PW: What are your hands doing all this time?

GK: I touch his balls or jerk him off at the bottom and I just keep doin' this and rotate around the top. And then maybe lick, tongue him up and down and around the balls, touching. Well after this goes on for a while and he goes down on me, then we go on to sex.

PW: Are you a spitter or a swallower?

GK: Oh, I swallow. Also I discovered with many guys, once they've come in my mouth—the idea is *not* to keep sucking. Just swallow it and keep licking around the top very gently, to get it all. Because guys say it hurts them when you still keep going down. So I let it explode and then just get quiet.

PW: What's your record?

GK: Through . . . a whole day . . . four times, maybe five.

PW: Have you ever gone down on 2 guys simultaneously?

GK: No. Well . . . in an orgy situation, at a party, everyone's doing everybody. The most I've been with at that kind of party was 6 . . . but 3 of them were girls.

PW: So how come you haven't made any movies?

GK: I love to watch them but I just . . . could not see myself doing one. Sex is something I like to keep personal. And I have some friends who would think I'd never do such a thing. And my mother and father . . . although my mother knows I've done some nude modeling and she's very open.

PW: Do you have any wild fantasies you haven't lived out?

GK: My only fantasy is . . . spontaneous fucking and sucking. Whatever . . . wherever . . . that's outrageous! I've done it a few times and I really enjoyed it. Also I like to be dominated, not extremely, just a little, and I like to dominate . . . get into crazy things with a guy and some dildos and some whipped cream.

PW: So you consider yourself a sensuous woman.

GK: Oh yeah!

THE JUST DESSERT

(Continued from page 42)

looking for more celebrities.

Finally, the big event is almost upon us.

Two policemen drag the girl toward the whipping post. She's crying and weaving back and forth. She falls three times, but they pull her to her feet.

You can read her lips: "Please, please, please, please . . ." The last time she falls to her knees, they leave her that way and tie her to the post.

"Take her pants down!" someone yells, and cries of "Yeah!, yeah!" rumble through the crowd. But when the punitologist takes up his whip, the murmurs stop. He snaps it in the air several times. On the corner of the screen you can see the girl's father breaking loose from the guards, and then the clubs start swinging in a blur.

The punitologist raises his whip. He holds it there for a minute while the camera pans the faces of the dignitaries invited to witness the event. (It was at this point last time when the camera fell and showed General Bartly doing you-know-what.)

The scene changes and you see the whip come down—*bang*!—on her back. They must have a mike by her face since her scream comes through clearer than the cheers. The bar is in an uproar.

"You should have seen it, Mac!" somebody yells to a newcomer. "A mob whipped her right there on TV! They piled it on one right after another! You shoulda *seen* it!"

Somebody is being interviewed now.

"I don't blame those men, not really," he says. "The people are only reacting against lawlessness! How much are we supposed to take before we act against these criminals?!"

He's sweating like a bull and his tie is half-undone. It looks like his shirt is ripped.

The girl's body is being dragged away. Naked. Bleeding. Dead. Somebody waves a Stars and Stripes in the background . . .

They're running the credits now as I come back from throwing up in the men's room. The big-titted waitress squeezes past me carrying a tray of drinks; all along the bar the atmosphere is hot, tense, ugly . . . behind me is a sound like a football hitting someone's gut and an ice cube hits the back of my neck. There is a lurching mass movement of bodies away from the bar and a choked and muffled scream from the waitress as I wheel around on the barstool. A long, black-stockinged leg protrudes from the tangle of hard fists; they are on top of her, punching her, ripping away her flimsy red costume . . . I try to stand up but there's no room. Her legs go rigid and a hand yanks off one of her black stiletto heels; she tries to scream. From behind the bar I see the barman, sweating, livid, crawling under the transom with a long black whip coiled in one enormous hand. To my horror and then my delight, I feel my cock rising hard against my beerglass . . . I put the beer on the counter and shove into the grunting pile of bodies as the whip is brought down hard against the waitress's errant ass.

FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE

(Continued from page 49)

PETER: How'd you get into this whole thing?

JEAN: When I was fifteen I got arrested and was put in an institution for a year and a half.

PETER: For what?

JEAN: Seven counts of burglary.

PETER: Uh-huh. And how did that lead to the streets?

JEAN: Well, a lot of the girls were in there for prostitution. It's like a regular girls' club; you can stay until you're twenty-one. But they let me out when I was seventeen, and I'd learned a lot. I started going to the clubs, I'd show them my body, and that was it.

PETER: You were seventeen at the time and they never asked about your age?

JEAN: I lied to them.

PETER: Of course. Did have to do anything to get the jobs, or just show your body?

JEAN: Just show them what I had. They wanted to make sure you had a nice ass, nice boobs.

(Continued on page 90)

"I know it's rude to speak with one's mouth full, but I think I just swallowed your diaphragm."

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FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE

(Continued from page 88)

PETER: These seven counts of burglary . . . what did you do?
JEAN: Broke into houses.
PETER: Why? Poor?
JEAN: For kicks. To see how much we could get away with. But we'd broken into fifteen houses and they only caught us for seven.
PETER: What did you steal?
JEAN: TV sets, stereos, typewriters . . .
PETER: Did you have a fence?
JEAN: Yeah, sure. We did all right.
PETER: Did you feel you needed to go into an institution?
JEAN: In a way, because I felt maybe it would straighten me out . . . help get my head back together.
PETER: The house-breaking . . . you did it with some other people? Other women?
JEAN: Three girls and one guy.
PETER: Did they catch everybody?
JEAN: They caught my friend first. They said, 'Look, if you tell us who the person is who set you up for all these houses, we'll go light on you and just put you on probation.' So my 'friend' snitched on me.
PETER: Were you the person who set it up?
JEAN: I knew all the areas in Scotsdale, and I knew all the rich people lived there. I cased out the joints, sitting out there in the parks and watching the houses, watching peoples' daily routines. It took some time, but I did it.
PETER: What'd your parents do for a living?
JEAN: My stepfather's in the Air Force and my mother's a secretary.
PETER: So you weren't poor. You didn't need to steal. What do you think it was that gave you a kick?
JEAN: Well, I'm the only girl in the family. I've got four brothers, and I couldn't stand being spoiled. I got everything I wanted and figured, well, I'll just go out and steal things to make them not want to spoil me so much. I hated it. I wanted to be treated just like everybody else. My brothers were really jealous of me, and I wanted to show them what I thought about the whole thing. So I broke into houses.
PETER: When did your sex life start?
JEAN: When I was twelve.
PETER: Willingly?
JEAN: No.
PETER: A family affair?
JEAN: No. I got raped on my twelfth birthday, coming home from my birthday party. The park across the street . . . these five big black guys jumped out and did it to me. They did everything. I was pretty beaten up by the time I got home.
PETER: Did the guys know about your leg?
JEAN: They did when they got my clothes off. One guy said, 'Oh, my God!' but the others said Tohell with *that*, the rest of her body's OK . . ."
PETER: How's your relations with black people since then?
JEAN: I'll talk to them, but I won't go to bed with them. It brings back too many memories.
PETER: How long before you started fucking voluntarily?
JEAN: Two years later . . . when I was fourteen. I had a boyfriend by then. He was a lot older than I was, but I didn't tell my mother that. He used to send his kid brother over to pick me up, and my mother never guessed.
PETER: A lot of people say that if you're put in an institution you become more corrupt. Do you think that happened to you?
JEAN: I learned all about prostitution there, but don't consider prostitution corrupt. I think of it maybe as a service to men who don't have anything to do with their wives, or divorcees who want to experiment a little bit. It pleases them, and a lot of times you get pleased yourself.
PETER: You do?
JEAN: Yeah.
PETER: Still?
JEAN: Sure.
PETER: Well, that's nice to hear. You don't hear that very often any more. Can you tell us about the first time you took money for getting laid?
JEAN: It was at the private clubs in Phoenix. I didn't do anything the first night; I was too scared. But the night after that, I figured, what the hell? Why shouldn't I get paid for it, instead of just giving it away to every Tom, Dick and Harry passing by?
PETER: Were you doing that?
JEAN: (LAUGHS) Not pulling people off the streets and saying, 'Hey, I wanna get laid!' — no. But I figured, why not make some money?
PETER: Were you getting laid in public, or in closed rooms?
JEAN: In rooms. But if some guy had a special request and wanted to do it in front of everybody, you got paid for the show *and* the trick. It wasn't too bad.
PETER: Do you get off on that kind of exhibitionism?
JEAN: Not at first, I didn't. I felt kind of stupid, being up there, until pretty soon . . . I mean, I'm not a shy person.
PETER: About your leg: how did it happen? How do you feel about it?
JEAN: Well, I was born with a missing fibula .
PETER: That's the second bone in the leg . . .?
JEAN: Yeah, the bone that's underneath. I was also missing the pinkie toe, and the end of my stump . . . well, that's my heel. That's where my foot would have been. So the doctors figured it would be best to amputate, and they did. I've lived with it like this all my life.
PETER: It's impossible to put a fibula in a baby because it couldn't grow, right?
JEAN: Right. My artificial leg is just like my right leg except I can't move my ankle. That's all. I can do anything anyone else can.
PETER: You took physical therapy? Learned balance and movement, things like that?
JEAN: Yeah. I learned how to walk on the leg when I was very young. But when I was ten I had another operation on it, which put me in a cast almost up to my neck for a long time. They had to straighten my legs and stop the growth of my right leg so both knees could catch up. I had to learn to walk all over again. It was a drag.
PETER: So in fact you were fairly immobile when those five guys got to you.
JEAN: i was getting pretty active again by then . . . out partying and coming home drunk a lot.

PETER: You went to college, right? What'd you study?
JEAN: Psychology for children. I went to the hospitals and worked as a volunteer in physical therapy. That's what I hope to do in the future. I figure when I'm with a child they can understand me and I can understand them. We have the same kind of problem. They won't say, 'I can't do this,' if I know they *can*, and if I know they can't, I'm not going to force them . . . the way some therapists would who don't understand their capabilities. The kids will know where I'm coming from.
PETER: So you're just a normal person with something a bit different about her, is that right?
JEAN: That's the way I see it.
PETER: In *Penthouse* and some of the other magazines, this whole idea of 'the cripple' has

(Continued on page 92)

"What do you mean 'Doesn't her mamma feed her at home'? . . ."

MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman? Men who have used the Chartham Method for Penis Enlargement do.
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FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE

(Continued from page 90)

become a huge sexual fetish. How do you feel about that?

JEAN: It's a little strange. I'm not sure how I'd react if some guy came up to me and said, 'Hey, I want you to butt-fuck me with your leg,' you know? I mean, I only use it for walking purposes.

PETER: I think the basis of that particular fetish is two-pronged. One part is the attitude that the person who's crippled is incapable and inadequate, and therefore the person who fucks them is in some way superior.

JEAN: *I* think the person with the deformity has something over the person who doesn't have one, especially during sex. I mean, if I take my leg off to fuck I can move it up so far, it really gives the guy lot more pleasure. Not to mention the pleasure it gives *me*.

PETER: You get really deep penetration that way?

JEAN: Yeah. And a lot of 'normal' people can't do that. It's a case of the person with the deformity taking advantage of the person without one. It's the opposite of what people think.

PETER: Have you ever been in bed with somebody who had a particular attraction to your leg? Have you ever done anything strange with it?

JEAN: No . . . I never have.

PETER: Have you ever had fantasies about it?

JEAN: I've *thought* about it a few times. I've seen myself in dreams doing strange things with it, but I can't really imagine myself doing it in reality.

PETER: This idea that you're somehow different; do you think it had to do with your whole sense of rebellion?

JEAN: No, I'm like any normal kid today. I have a lot of friends who come from really good backgrounds, and they just sort of wander off . . . travel . . . they get more of a challenge out of life that way. And they learn a hell of a lot about people.

PETER: So you see yourself as actually using this stage in your life as a kind of education?

JEAN: Yeah, and it sure is.

PETER: Until you can blossom into a physical therapist . . .?

JEAN: That's what I have in mind.

PETER: You've done a lot of traveling. Do you find yourself in vulnerable situations that way? Any dangerous ones?

JEAN: Sometimes you get into a situation where you can't do anything but say, 'Yes.' It's scary. Once I hitched from Arizona to California and I got picked up by a truckdriver. I get into the truck and the next thing you know the guy's pushing me back in the bed and then *he* crawls in, and there you are. There's no escape except to crawl over him, and even then . . . what can you do but say Yes?

PETER: But don't you expect that in a certain way?

JEAN: Not at first, you don't. You don't know what's going to happen, or what people are going to be like. But as you keep doing it, traveling alone, hitchhiking, going on buses with people . . . you learn.

PETER: You've been to every State?

JEAN: Every one but Maine, Florida, Hawaii and Alaska.

PETER: Where do you think you'd like to end up? Arizona?

JEAN: No, I'm sick of that place. I'd really like to go back to England. I was there when I was little, and I loved it.

PETER: So recently you traveled to New York and found you wanted to stay for a while, and decided to start hooking. It's obvious you were willing to trade a certain kind of sexuality to get some mobility. How did you know where to hook in New York?

JEAN: I met people on the streets. A few prostitutes, a Madame who owned a house, one chick who took me to her apartment . . . I meet all sorts of people. It's easy. They'll come up and ask you what time it is, or you ask them for directions and they'll say, Well, I'm going that way, come with me, I'll show you where it is . . . and you get to talking.

PETER: Are you into women?

JEAN: Not really. I like guys.

PETER: These women that you talk to on the streets, are they into you?

JEAN: One was. And being in jail a few times, a lot of dykes used to come up to me and say, I'm in love with you, come to bed with me . . .

PETER: And you say . . .?

JEAN: Get out of here!

They used to go into the commissary and buy me cigarettes and candy . . .

PETER: Your parents know what you do?

JEAN: Not . . . in a sense. They know that I've danced, but they don't know . . . My real father is a little upset about it all, but he can't do anything. And my mother could care less. She's in the middle of getting a divorce . . . going out with my ex-boyfriend! My life is a goddamned soap-opera.

PETER: Your mother always that free-wheeling?

JEAN: Yeah. Very. She looks twenty-eight and she's forty-eight. I used to lie for her, but I won't do it any more.

PETER: Jealous about your ex-boyfriend?

JEAN: Well, sure. I mean, I was. But now I see they're really into each other and I figure, Okay. Let them have their thing. But I refuse to accept him as my father.

PETER: What's the most number of men you've fucked in a day?

JEAN: Ah . . . well, since I've been hooking I'd say maybe eight or nine. Not that many. I usually get good money and good tips. I get these tips 'cause the men usually tell me I'm a nice girl and I should get out of the business.

PETER: Have you ever dated anybody with a deformity?

JEAN: I was going with a guy who's missing both legs. It was very awkward. I met him in a disco . . . he was dancing! So, of course, I didn't know he didn't have any legs. We started talking and he said, 'Sit down, I'll buy you a drink.' As we sat down he said, 'You're limping a little bit,' and I told him my leg hurt. He asked why, so I told him. 'Oh, wow!' he says, 'I have two artificial legs, myself!' I couldn't believe it. And then we started really digging on each other. We thought, Why the hell not? Why not try it and see how it turns out? So we did. We went to bed. It was a little harder for him than it was for me. I said, 'I'm going to take my leg off. You going to take off yours?'

PETER: Did he?

JEAN: Sure. But he had to lay on the bottom. (LAUGHS)

PETER: Was he born without legs?

JEAN: No, he got run over by a train.

PETER: But he could still fuck.

JEAN: Oh, yeah! He was pretty damned good, too. You know, people really thought that was a beautiful thing. And just to show them what we were *really* like we wore very short shorts. We were saying, 'Look!' And people were so freaked out by it. But he wasn't ashamed and I wasn't ashamed. It was great.

PETER: Do you have a word of encouragement for other people who may consider themselves . . .?

JEAN: Crippled?

PETER: Anything to tell them that you've learned in your life?

JEAN: I'd tell them to be glad for what they have . . . that they're not so mangled they're dead to everything. Everybody has something beautiful, either outside or inside. They shouldn't feel sorry for themselves: if you do, you're just going to make yourself ugly. If you don't feel sorry for yourself nobody else is going to, either, and all your beauty really comes out. Just show people how you are, and say, 'I'm just as good as you are.'

"The Surgeon General should only see us now!"

Skin Trade

(Continued from page 13)

use of birth-control pills.

I ask him if the naughty rumors about him and the late blonde bombshell Jayne Mansfield are true. The pause is so long I begin to think he has forgotten the question. His eyes have a faraway look. Finally he says, "No comment." Could Mr. Frederick be a romantic? Not unlike the great Hollywood studio chiefs of old—most of whom were former garment moguls—Frederick Mellinger's business is not about fashion or clothes. He deals in fantasies. And so the man who has done more than anyone else to rearrange the female figure leaves to go to his temple, and I am off to a Hollywood screening room to catch a new film.

SUPERSWEET SUE

I am ushered into a plush room as the lights are dimmed. Although the film, *A Sweeter Song*, is R-rated, I have been assured there's plenty of sex. Allan Eastman's newest and bluest, it has been done with an all-Canadian cast. *A Sweeter Song is* sex in the Seventies: it's about the interesting near-misses and crossed connections everyone has on the way to the bedroom. I *loved* it! The plot hinges loosely around an accident-prone sports photographer, his revolving bedmates and a bi-sexual disc-jockey neighbor.

Ingenue Sue Petrie with her fresh beauty and hard, perky nipples (and who hates being called a starlet), is outstanding in "A Sweeter Song" as a fast-talking, hard drinking horse player disguised as a secretary. Sue has appeared in hundreds of TV commercials, had her own TV series in Canada and done numerous guest appearances on such shows as "Simon Locke," "Famous Jury Trials" and "Barnaby Jones."

SUE: I think it's a very healthy sign. I like the character I play in "A Sweeter Song" because she's a Seventies woman.

PETUNIA: What kind of woman is that?

SUE: Well, she's not afraid to say to a man: "Hey, you turn me on. Let's go to your place."

PETUNIA: Have you ever done any explicit hard core sex in a film?

SUE: No. I did a play that required me to be nude on stage. It was about four people on an acid trip and at the end we were all in various states of undress but there was no sex or even any touching. The play was raided the first week. It was all very silly.

PETUNIA: Seen any good movies lately?

SUE: I like Lina Wertmuller's stuff because it's erotic. After doing "A Sweeter Song", I appreciated the technical problems more involved in making X-rated films.

PETUNIA: You mean like the man getting hard?

SUE: Not exactly. Since the film is R-rated it was more of a problem keeping his erection out of view. We had to practically tie it down. The real problem was keeping my nipples hard under the hot lights. Finally we had a prop girl hidden under the bed for hours with a constant supply of ice cubes.

PETUNIA: Were you uptight about getting it on in a room full of people?

SUE: Well, my boyfriend was the director so he was sensitive to my feelings. Also we'd gotten caught fucking on the set several times when the cast and crew returned early from lunch.

PETUNIA: Would you ever refuse to do a part that required explicit sex?

SUE: Of course it depends on the part. I would never refuse a role solely on that basis. "Last Tango" would have been a much better film if Brando had at least dropped his pants once. I think that a lot of people in this business are very hypocritical. I know several well-known actresses that are screwing everyone in Hollywood but won't even do nudity on the screen.

BREAKFAST WITH TERRY AND A TRIP TO TOYLAND

Terry Kolb, sister CHERI columnist, (*The Slave Trade*), picked me up for breakfast the next morning. Over fragrant plates of pancakes Terry told me of her latest sexual escapades in California. Almost every night in Los Angeles there's a swing party in progress somewhere, and they're not hard to find. The crowd is young and hip; and they like their sex hot and dirty. Lots of people come in costume. Terry usually wears her "Slave" T-shirt. Of course you don't always know who's in costume and who isn't—a young girl got up at one party and did a striptease; much to everyone's surprise she revealed a cock and balls tucked beneath her lacy panties. Because B & D is so popular on the West Coast, many of the houses where the parties are held have been designed or have facilities for ceiling suspension and other forms of bondage. Terry has some wild tales to tell.

After breakfast Terry took me to The Pleasure Chest, my favorite toy store. The Hollywood branch is remarkable. They stock every conceivable kind of dildo, vibrator and lubricant, including a whole shelf devoted to nothing but assorted size cans of Crisco. I wandered past an erotic art display into a room where an inflatable doll wearing a dildo was giving another doll an enema. Finally I found Terry comfortably curled up inside a cage with bars (yours for only $150), *moaning with pleasure*.

Although there's no really heavy action on the Live Sex Show scene in California, there's still heavy action 3,000 miles away in New York. In spite of more than thirteen arrests in one two-week span Rod Swenson's "Sexual Fantasy Theater" (Show World Center, New York) is still in business and the acts keep getting more and more outrageous (See CHERI, issue #6).

The shows here combine dialogue, plot, penetration and audience participation. One new act features Professor Dyna-Mite lecturing on "Water Sports For You and Me." The Professor has a style as inimitable as Mae West as she saunters across the stage, mike in hand, asking the audience: "Would you like to eat my pussy?" "Can I sit on your face?" The audience defines "water sports" as "fucking in the rain in the park," "screwing in the bathtub," and, more difficult, "eating your girlfriend under water." "What do we call it when it's NO. 2 and very soft?" asks the Professor. "Water dooty!" someone shouts out and the audience goes into hysterics. Unfortunately, I couldn't stay for the enema party.

Another act features Monica Kennedy in what Swenson calls "One of the world's most unbelievable acts." After serving up a heart-shaped box lunch, she selects a man in the front row and has him lie down. Standing over him she takes aim and pisses right into his open willing mouth and I mean really *pisses*! He swallows every drop and is well applauded by the audience. One guy reportedly sat through three shows drinking piss at every show.

The acts include hard-core male/female fucking. One act even features Dr. Marx, a puppet complete with realistic genitals, who cums all over the audience. Impresario Swenson says, "It's a total imbalance of values and pure hypocrisy for America to condone and permit a brutal and violent exhibition like prize-fighting, while sex on stage is totally suppressed. As obvious as it sounds, sex in all its forms is one of the very most important and beautiful things in life, and until people in general—and the society at large—achieve public consciousness of this, we're all living a lie."

More True-to-Life Adventures in the Skin Trade later, folks. Don't forget: "Get it up and keep it wet!"

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DEBBIE REIMAR

(Continued from page 96)

PW: Really?

DR: It was so wonderful. I used to get so much pleasure out of it. You know, when I give head to someone, nine times out of ten I'll come, too, without even being touched. I really enjoy it—I really do.

PW: Is there any particular experience that stands out in your mind as particularly strange or beautiful?

DR: The most beautiful one, believe it or not, happened to me just recently with a man who was about 25-30 years my senior. I wasn't attracted to him, I was just doing it in return for a favor sort of, but I didn't mind 'cause he was a really good man, and I was so shocked 'cause he's the coconut man I was telling you about. I swear to God, and was it groovy! I said, "*Wow*, you taste just like coconut," and just as I said that he came some more and then he wanted to taste some and I thought that was really far-out. A lot of women are really hung up about it. They tell me they won't swallow come . . . I think that's disgusting. I mean, what's wrong with it? Although, when I was younger, one of the first guys who tried to get me to suck him gave me the sales pitch that it was good for my skin . . . and even with problem skin, I couldn't get into it then. Anyway, he was wrong . . . even with the way I am now, I still see a few pimples when I look in the mirror.

PW: Tell me what you mean about different strokes for different folks.

DR: It's just that men have different reactions, you know. I can tell when a penis is aroused . . . and if it starts to go limp, I'll get into something a bit heavier. I really *don't* enjoy giving fast head. One-two-three . . . my mouth is not a disposal area, okay?

PW: For example . . . what do you think I'd like?

DR: I dunno. You're crazy!

PW: What makes you say that?

DR: Well, you seem gentle to me . . . but I don't think you'd like gentleness in oral sex. I mean, do you . . . like it . . . like this . . . mm?

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 27)

course when this becomes fatiguing for me, he can kneel on uncooked peas while I rest. I'm sure he would also make an interesting ash tray. Oh, and have you shaved all the hair off his body yet? Perhaps then he would be better behaved. It's wise to knock the ego out of them as soon as possible.

I would be very interested in having a picture of you and meeting you at some future date. Until then, keep up the good work.

Mistress Roseanne

YOUR COLUMN

(Continued from page 29)

at it bareass for one final round and see what happens." I almost died but I did as she wanted and the next thing I knew we were slugging it out toe to toe without a stitch one. Suddenly, she made a lunge for me and we both went down in a heap on the mat. From then on we wrestled, boxed and fucked until neither of us could move a muscle. I had an orgasm that was out of this world and she said she had three in a row. It was the most wonderful sex I ever had and she said the same. We are now married and do it several times a week.

She was a widow but had never revealed her fantasy to her husband. I don't know who is S and who is M in our relationship. All I know is we both enjoy belting and being belted at and with the boxing gloves on we don't hurt each other.

Gym Instructor N.J.

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